

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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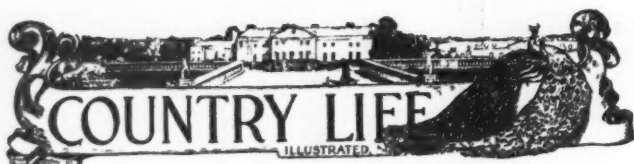
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Photo. H. S. MENDELSSOHN,

THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND,

Cambridge Crescent, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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THE ARMY AND THE LAND.

FROM nearly every country village the Reservists have been leaving for the front, and during the last six weeks the counties have contributed some 30 per cent. of the forces for the war. Of these men a very large number had returned to farm work, which they had left when younger in order to enter the Army, and were in regular employment. We hear no serious complaints of inconvenience caused by their return to the ranks, though the supply of farm hands is low.

The busiest season of the year was over when the regiments were mobilised, and the units were selected from all parts of the kingdom, from Lancashire and Northumberland to Devon and Dorset. Consequently, the withdrawal of many thousands of steady, able-bodied men from the fields has been lightly felt. On the other hand, the link between the village and the regiment has been strengthened. For the first time that side of the territorial system by which it was hoped to establish in the country a feeling of interest in the regiments, and in the regiments a sentiment of loyalty to the county which was the native home of the men, has had a fair trial. So far the feeling shown on both sides has been very cordial. The regiments have given a warm welcome to the Reservists who have come up from the land, and the village has said "God speed you" to the Reservists, and will do its best to look after their wives and children.

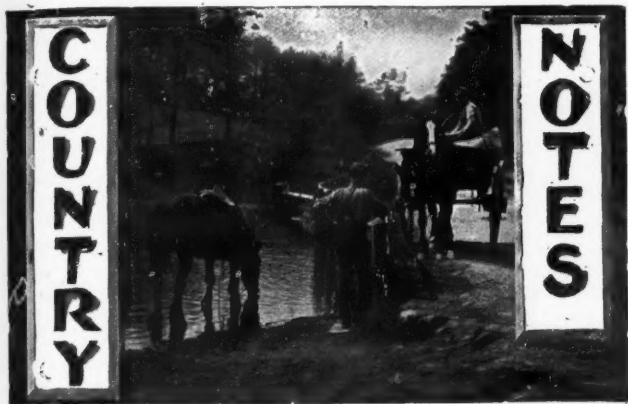
When the anxious winter is past, and the county regiments begin to win battles and taste real success, then pride in their achievements and the feeling that the country shares in the glory won by its sons will give an immense addition of popularity to early service with the colours as part of the experiences of a son of the soil.

Many of our readers must have already concluded that, be the end of this war what it may, a very large addition will be made to our permanent Army. It is not impossible that our cavalry may be increased by one-half, and the bulk of the recruits for it drawn from the country, where alone boys learn to ride. In any case it is clear that the immense recent additions to our Empire will entail a corresponding increase of British regiments in the regular Army. Keeping up a great house with an inadequate establishment is always a failure, whether in public or private life, and our "house" has been so enormously enlarged of late that the increase is urgent. If the Boer War teaches us nothing else, it will at least have shown that a quarrel 6,000 miles away may lock up all our spare soldiers for the time, and make a very heavy garrison necessary later.

The question will be asked—Where are the men to come from? Usually the recruits come from the class in regular work which is worst paid, or from the class which is partly unemployed. Unfortunately, at the present time the worst paid skilled labour is that of the farm, and it is the young labourers who make, on the whole, the best soldiers. Here, then, is a pretty position for the land! With labour already too scarce, and with profits so small that there is absolutely no margin for a rise, which even Mr. Rider Haggard, whose appreciation of his men's industry and skill is warm and kindly, has sorrowfully to admit, the public will come in to compete for the able-bodied young men left to fill the new regiments.

This is the light in which the question will first present itself. But if treated by the public in a liberal spirit, we are not sure that an increased Army, properly recruited, may not confer a permanent benefit on the rural districts. It might be made the means of a subsidised body of labour, paid in part by the State, in the form of a pension for service in the ranks. The root of all the labour difficulties of the farmer is that he cannot make enough to pay his men a wage that will compete with town or manufacturing wages. "Nothing but the unexpected," it has been said, "can remedy this." The unexpected may be coming in the near future in the shape of a rather better paid territorial Army. Everything points to some increase in the soldier's pay, if we are to get mature men at once. At present we pay low wages and get immature men, whom we have to feed up and teach gymnastics for two years before they are fit to fight. Short service will be maintained in the future, perhaps in a modified form. But in any case the men, after a certain number of years, will return to civil labour. Enlisted when mature, say at twenty, they will have learnt the craft of agriculture well enough not to forget it, and will turn their swords into pruning-hooks effectively. Now for the financial side of our proposal. Let the Treasury work out a liberal scheme by which the well-behaved, steady soldier who goes back to the land, say at thirty, or later if he wishes, can enjoy a pension of a few shillings a week, which will supplement the ordinary agricultural wage, and bring it to a point between the gross 14s. per week of the labourer and the sovereign a week which is the irresistible bait that draws the labourer from the land. If the pension were 3s. per week it would only amount to £780,000 a year for 100,000 Reservist soldiers, who would still be available for service as long as they were physically fit. Being in regular work on the land, the age to which this fitness would extend would be much later than if they were employed in town service. The men would find work in the towns in many cases. But if the recruiting preference was steadily given to men from the land, the natural tendency, as soon as they were released from the Service, would be to go back to the villages where home and friends are, and to resume their old work in the old surroundings. The experiment of giving Reservists land of their own has never answered since it was tried by the Romans, and the suggestion of a contemporary that this should be done in South Africa has drawn a reply which might have been written in the days of

Sulla. It was tried in New Zealand, and the men sold all their plots in a few years. But as labourers earning a wage, with a pension to add to it, which would give them a better position among their class than those who had not served in the Army, the ranks both of the territorial regiments and of rural labour might be recruited with reciprocal benefit. The soldiers would enter rather later after having served a full apprenticeship to agriculture, and would come back with the feeling that their pension would enable them to take agricultural wages without being "pinched" as the labourers are. The farmers, on the other hand, would gain by an arrangement which induced able-bodied men to settle in the village, there to do regular work and rear families who would have the same ties with the land as themselves.



THE less said about the war the better; but it cannot be avoided altogether. Slowly, but let us hope surely, it is approaching its predestined end, but there is hardly a person of position in the country who can take up the morning paper unmoved. Every one of us, high and low, is in a state of sickening suspense, never knowing when he or she may lose a friend or a relative. Even the writer of this paragraph has suffered one great loss in the course of the week, and he feels it difficult to write with customary buoyancy of spirit. Any person who suffers much from such buoyancy can only be recommended to drive down Pall Mall, to look at the anxious crowd which besets the War Office, and to note the vast and daily increase in the number of black dresses. Then will he realise the bitter truth of that vivid and pathetic phrase "Duke's son—cook's son." The classes which suffer most are the highest and the stratum from which the Army is recruited. The one consolation is that the officers, our well-born young men, who are sometimes accused of luxury and effeminacy, are doing such splendid and manly work.

One word more. There is far too much loose and ill-informed criticism rampant in the Press. That which has been poured out concerning the transports, the slowness of their voyages, and the like, has been particularly irritating, and, although we fancy some of it had appeared in the columns of the *Times*, it was very sharply rebuked by a correspondent of that paper who was at Southampton on Saturday last. He was compelled to point out that the estimates of steaming rates per hour which had been published were inaccurate in every particular. The dates of sailing were given wrongly, the distances were given wrongly, the ports of arrival were given wrongly. Nothing was right except the results of sums in division; and they were of no value, because the original figures were all wrong.

Then comes the arm-chair criticism of tactics and strategy, emanating from all kinds of persons who know nothing about the matter. In this connection perhaps the writer may be permitted to mention a personal experience, after premising that his opportunities of knowing what is right are better than those of the common run of men, and that he has been a tolerably diligent student of military literature. He was listening in moody silence to talk which poured contempt upon Sir Redvers Buller, Sir George White, and the military in general. He was asked why he expressed no opinion. He answered, "Because I do not know enough to justify me in forming an opinion." The reply was, "But surely with your opportunities you must know more than we can." He answered, "Yes, ever so much, but not enough." The conversation, as the reporters say, dropped. But surely the moral is not far to seek. It is that we are bound as men to take our losses as bravely and as silently as may be, and as persons of sense to remember that our generals in South Africa are the very flower of the intellect of the British Army. For the sake of all that is sensible let us trust the man at the helm.

There is no doubt that the prolonged association of the Prince of Wales and of the German Emperor has been productive

of much good. Political significance the visit may have had none, but at any rate it signified nothing unpleasant. Our point is rather that it has produced a friendship between the uncle and the nephew far more intimate than existed before. It is credibly reported that the Emperor has said that he never knew before that his uncle could be so pleasant a man. As a matter of fact, no man in this country can be more simply charming than the Prince of Wales.

The uncle and nephew have one keen taste in common, and that is the love of good shooting. They have shot together at Windsor and at Sandringham, and for the credit of English shooting it is no bad thing that they went on to Sandringham. The head of game at Windsor is clearly poor for a great place, and one of the big bags of rabbits was made in a warren, which is not the cream of sport. That game should not abound very much at Windsor is quite natural; the whole place seems to be overrun with people through the kindness of the Queen.

Thus, putting known facts together, one can easily conjure up the kind of conversation that took place. Firstly, we know that the original intention of the Kaiser was to leave Sandringham on Monday, and that he decided to stay on till Tuesday. Surely there was some such suggestion as this: "I should be sorry for you to go away under the impression that this is representative English shooting. Stay over Monday at Sandringham, and you shall see something better." That at any rate was what happened, and the guns cracked and crashed again all day in and around Wolferton Wood, and the results were magnificent. The Kaiser, it may be observed, shoots with one hand, but remarkably well. Another interesting point elicited by the pertinacious correspondents was that never a head of game is sold from the Sandringham estates. It all goes to hospitals or neighbours, especially poor neighbours.

Whether this includes the rabbits also is not known. Be it hoped that it does, for it is a curious fact, well known to those familiar with the life of the country, that people of the peasant class do not care a straw about winged game. Moreover, in beating a wood, the observant will notice that the beaters make infinitely more hullabaloo over a rabbit than any other living thing, except a woodcock. When this deponent hears the cry "Mark woodcock," in an English covert, he makes a practice of hiding behind a tree. That a man is better than a sparrow we know from authority. He is also better than a woodcock.

Are rabbits public enemies? To judge by Sir W. Vernon Harcourt's Bill they are; but to be prosecuted by a Highway Board or its equivalent for "harbouring" rabbits to the public injury is a new thing in this country, though our friends the Dutch do so often. A complaint has been laid against a proprietor for damage done to a highway by rabbits undermining it, and the *Fidd* quotes the case in which it was decided that if thistles grow on one man's land, and shed their seed on a neighbour's, damages are not recoverable. Nor is damage by the rabbits. If the neighbouring owner has a right of "free warren" his rabbits may do as much damage as they like, subject to the neighbour's right to catch them. It is not quite certain whether the highway authorities have such a right, but the best plan would be for them to try to exercise it. In Holland a body equivalent to a Highway Board, which controls the sea defences, has the right to send in its own men to ferret and destroy rabbits on private property in the sand-dunes wherever these, which are an important sea defence, are damaged by rabbits. But this is not a parallel.

The shooting season progresses without giving any very special features worth noting. Partridges are fair in number, pheasants have done well, and there are signs of increase in the hare population. If there be a feature that is noticeable it is the conspicuous absence of the woodcock; but this, unfortunately, is not a feature peculiar to this season only. It has been more and more in evidence for some years, and it is the more curious because there is a cloud of witness to affirm that the woodcock nests in England—or in Great Britain, let us rather say—far more generally than it used to do. But it seems that, having nested, it goes, or at least that the numbers that breed with us are not reinforced by nearly as many foreign visitors as used to be the case. It is always a quaint and capricious bird in its habits, and may be next year we shall see it back in numbers as great as ever. We can but hope for the best.

The Cattle Show is a Christmas institution against which one would not like to say a word. Like waits and mince pies, it belongs to the season. It has vastly improved our stock and set a standard for the breeder to aim at. Yet, like all good things, it has its dark side. The show-yard beauty is often built up regardless of expense, and would cut a sorry figure in some eyes if the bill for feeding stuff were hung up beside it. Winning

prizes, too, is a knack often acquired by those who are but indifferent farmers. An improvement would be effected were it practicable to compel every exhibitor to prove that his animals are such as might be bred with advantage on a farm, that is to say, the return from the butcher ought to show a respectable margin over the expense of feeding. It is because this is seldom possible that some landlords—the Duke of Portland, Lord Londonderry, and Lord Crewe, for example—encourage an annual show among their own tenantry, making it conditional that all exhibits are ordinary and profitable farm stock. They in this way correct an acknowledged evil without injuring what is beneficial in the Cattle Show.

In the recently issued report of the Commissioner of the American Land Office it is stated that there are still 900,000,000 acres of unappropriated land in the United States. Were it practicable to grow wheat on this immense area it would obviously be a bad look out for the British farmer. The Commissioner says, however, that only an insignificant portion is capable of cultivation without irrigation, and we know from previous reports that wherever irrigation is possible at moderate expense works have already been started. Until prices have risen very considerably, therefore, it would be the height of madness to embark on the vast expenditure required. Nor is this all. In the beginning those who had first choice naturally selected land of good soil, lying along the banks of small streams or possessing other agricultural advantages. So to speak they "picked the eyes" of the continent. What remains is less convenient and less fertile. The conclusion is, that if cereals rose to famine price some of this land might be profitably taken, but its reclamation can only go on as the value of produce rises.

The record of the Dundee whalers—all of which have now returned with the exception of one, the Polar Star, which was wrecked in Hudson's Bay—is very interesting, and reads like a romance, as exciting as the cruise of the Cachalot itself. Two of the fleet, that is to say, one other besides the Polar Star, namely, the Active, went to Hudson's Bay, where they were in trouble with the ice all along, besides falling in with very heavy gales. Ultimately the crew of the Polar Star had to abandon her and join forces with the Active, taking their catch, consisting of 132 walrus and four bears, with them. The mate of the Active was landed at Southampton Island with the carpenter and cook, and with the aid of the natives they will be engaged there in whale fishing, etc., for five years; a wooden house, which had been taken out in sections, has been put up for their accommodation. The other five boats—that directed their energies to Davis Straits and the Greenland Coast—fared much better. They did well in the important matter of the whale fishery, catching twenty-six whales, from which the estimated yield is over 400 tons of oil and some sixteen tons of whalebone. One of the vessels, the Esquimaux, had a party of amateur sportsmen on board. It does not seem, however, that she at all failed to do her full share of the work. It appears likely that cruises of Cachalots will become popular.

There is to be a "Public School Exhibit" in the British section at the Paris Exhibition. French opinion is curious as to English public school life. Mrs. Hugh Bell has a capital article on Dr. Arnold in the French *Science Sociale*, and one of the leading Jesuits and Jew-baiters of France has been over here to prosecute enquiries personally. It is to be hoped that a perusal of Mrs. Hugh Bell's clear and appreciative story of what Arnold did, and what his successors have done, to make the sense of honour, truth, and courage part of the ordinary education of English gentlemen, may bear fruits for the next generation of the youth of the French moneyed class.

Leaflet Number 60 of the Board of Agriculture deals with the wood leopard-moth. It is sufficiently rare and beautiful to be highly esteemed by the young "bug collector," but it is also very destructive, the caterpillar boring like that of the goat-moth into the wood of trees. No very effective method of dealing with it has yet been discovered. You may dig wires into its hole, but then it winds and winds about so that it is difficult to reach; you may also syringe the trees with carbolic acid or any kindred "stink"; but the insects are usually embedded in wood and the odours do not reach them. Perhaps the best thing is to encourage the titmouse. It and other small birds are fond of the eggs, and the green woodpecker is an adept at extricating the caterpillars. But if a tree be badly infested the best plan seems to be to cut it down.

Living in the South of England, we read with some little surprise of a snap of cold weather in the North and Midlands, such as seven degrees of frost at Oxford. Our own experience supplies us with no data at all like this. A few white frosts of mild degree are the most we have on record, and for the rest the weather has been of such unusual mildness as to deceive the wild

things of Nature—the plants and the birds. We have seen a water-lily and a rhododendron out in flower in the very latter end of November, and again we have seen the deluded rooks acting under the impression that spring has come, and the sparrows actually carrying about straws under the same false impression. No doubt they will have a rude awakening.

Absence of frost is, according to all received maxims of the gentle art, opposed to the chances of the grayling fisher, and, in fact, we do not hear of these good fish rising well to the fly, though they are giving sport to the baser lures. There are those who dispute the value of the grayling as a sporting fish, holding that he does but occupy space that of better right would belong to the trout. We are not of their persuasion. We do not claim for Thymallus (whose scent, however, is rather of the cucumber than of the thyme from which he takes his Latin name) that he is the equal of the speckled trout in sporting qualities, but his great merit is that he is there when the trout is not, and for his gallant filling of so great a gap we willingly grant him pardon for any little interference on his part with the arrangements of the trout.

The shooting of a honey buzzard by a proprietor in Lincolnshire is reported in the *Times*. It is said to have been "digging up a wasp's nest," which is nonsense, because at this time of the year there would be no wasps visible to show where the nest was. It was probably a bird on passage from the far North, where honey buzzards nest in numbers so great that we have seen sixty eggs brought back (more is the pity) by one collector in Lapland. As the bird used to breed in this country, and is preserved in most counties by the local orders of the Secretary of State, its destruction is mischievous and useless, and as discreditable as killing ospreys and other harmless hawks. We hope the County Council of Lincolnshire will add this bird to their list of species protected.

It is devoutly to be wished that something may come of the agitation begun by the Wye Fishery Board for getting a Royal Commission to enquire into the condition of the salmon and trout fishery in England and Wales. Doubtless the care of the trout is open to improvement, but it is the parlous condition of the salmon fishery (showing a falling off in all but four rivers, according to the latest issued report of the fishery inspectors under the Board of Trade) which especially cries out for attention. We do not believe, with some, that the poaching is at all largely responsible for this condition of things. Probably the strictly legal, although excessive, netting has much more to answer for. But in any case it is interesting to note that in the neighbourhood of the Coquet, where the season under consideration (that is to say, the season of 1898) is reported as somewhat above the average, "most of the seacoast fishermen have accepted appointments as water-bailiffs, expressing their determination to put down all sea-poaching." "The results," it is added, "have been excellent"; and there is no doubt that this is the system which is likely, and indeed certain, to produce the best results in this direction. If the poachers lose the sympathy of their own class, and are accounted enemies and outlaws amongst their fellows, the poaching practices will quickly cease. The example set by the people of the Coquet country deserves to be copied.

If true, an eagle story widely circulated in the foreign Press, and quoted in England, goes far to account for the persistent legends that eagles have been known to carry off infant children. The scene of this last kidnapping enterprise of eagles is said to be the village of Ilouse, some twenty miles from Nice, and 22,000ft. above the sea. The eagle had hung about the village for some days, and had carried off a small pig from the farmyard of the house to which the child belonged. The baby was lying in a cradle under, or near, a shed, and a shepherd is said to have seen the eagle stoop and fly off with the baby.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is one of the most beautiful of the numerous beautiful leaders of English Society. The daughter of the fifth Earl of Rosslyn, the sister of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Angela Forbes, and the step-sister of the Countess of Warwick and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Westmorland was married to the thirteenth Earl seven years ago. Apethorpe Hall, the Northamptonshire seat of the family, was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Sir Walter Mildmay, whose granddaughter married, in 1624, Sir Francis Fane, afterwards created Earl of Westmorland. The other country seat is Sharlston Hall, Yorkshire.

BREAKER AND SCULPTOR.

THIS is rather a quaint picture. We see it—the reality—sometimes even in actual shooting, when it is a question of sport and of making a bag—the keeper going on with his dogs, ahead of the gun, to tell them what to do. But it is a sad sight, a terrible confession of weakness. In the present instance it is all right, for this is not a matter of shooting for sport, but only of preparation for sport, or **BREAKING**. It is necessary in these initial stages, when the dog is picking up the grammar of its art, that a man's restraining influence should be near to correct the undisciplined instincts. This dog, we may presume—the leading one, for the backing dog shows a more business-like attitude—is "feathering up" to what is almost a new delight to him, the scent of game. He seems doubtfully enquiring what it all means, testing it at each foot-step that he advances. It is not thus that he will acknowledge the presence of game in a few weeks' time, when the delight is fully appreciated, and turns him, at the first whiff, into a thing of stony rigidity of muscles. A sculptor ought really to make a study of the whole business, only he would have to be a dog-lover and a lover of sport besides; but every man with a love of art ought to be that.

There is such a drama in it all. It is that the sculptor would have to appreciate, and it would be the test of his skill, from one point of view, in what degree a sportsman was able to recognise the exact point in the finding of birds which each sculptured work aimed at showing. For there are the distinct, or at least distinguishable, stages. Most charming and most striking of all, perhaps, is the first, when the dog is **SUDDENLY ARRESTED**, turned to stone, as it were, in full career by the



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.D.

BREAKING.

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cannot yet appreciate. He is not fitted for the model yet, because the scent of game does not yet appeal to him with such strength as to arrest and petrify him instantly. Barye was the only man that could have done this series justice. And unhappily he is not alive, unless we are mistaken. The fact that he was a Frenchman would by no means forbid his appreciation of sporting dogs. The French have well-broken pointers.

This is the first moment, the first act in the drama, the moment in which we can imagine the dog saying to himself, "It is there—game is there—somewhere. Now the next question is, where?" and with that second question begins the next act in the drama, the second moment, **THE MOMENT OF ENQUIRY**, as we may call it. The dog has to locate the game, that is to say, to discover, by the currents of scent, in what direction it lies. Sometimes it is quite in the reverse direction from that in which



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SUDDENLY ARRESTED.

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sudden scent of the game. It is as if a catalepsy had seized him and fastened him there. He can hardly move if he would. It seems that it is the greatest effort to turn his head for a glance to see whether the gun has observed his suddenly arrested motion, and is prepared for what is to come. His coadjutor has squatted in the heather on the instant, and watches, ready to back his point. This is the first moment that the sculptor ought to seize. It is the moment that the young dog of the first picture

the notice first seemed to come to his delicate nostrils, so curious are the currents of air among the heather tufts and knolls.

But this question we get fairly solved for us, by aid of the subtle nostrils, and then the delicate business begins of **DRAWING UP TO THE GAME**. Before beginning this slow, careful advance, the good dog will take a second glance back to see that the gun is at hand, so that the game may not be sprung out of range, and then he will go forward, with the utmost caution,

lifting first one foot and then another, and putting each down as delicately as if going upon eggshells. And the friend will follow behind, for the most part intent in following on the first dog's footsteps and observing his movements, but occasionally getting the reward of a sniff of the delicious flavour on his own account.

And so it goes on, at less or greater lengths, according to the nature of the covert and the tameness of the birds (grouse in the Western Islands, in Skye, and Arran will be ridiculously tame in comparison with birds on the mainland), until the desperately trying moment to the nerves when the covey will take wing and it becomes necessary to down charge as the birds rise and the gun is fired.

Of course in all the movements of down charging, in the depressed expression of a dog ordered to heel, and so on, there are infinite chances for the sculptor to show his skill; but these great differences of attitude and expression, although perhaps



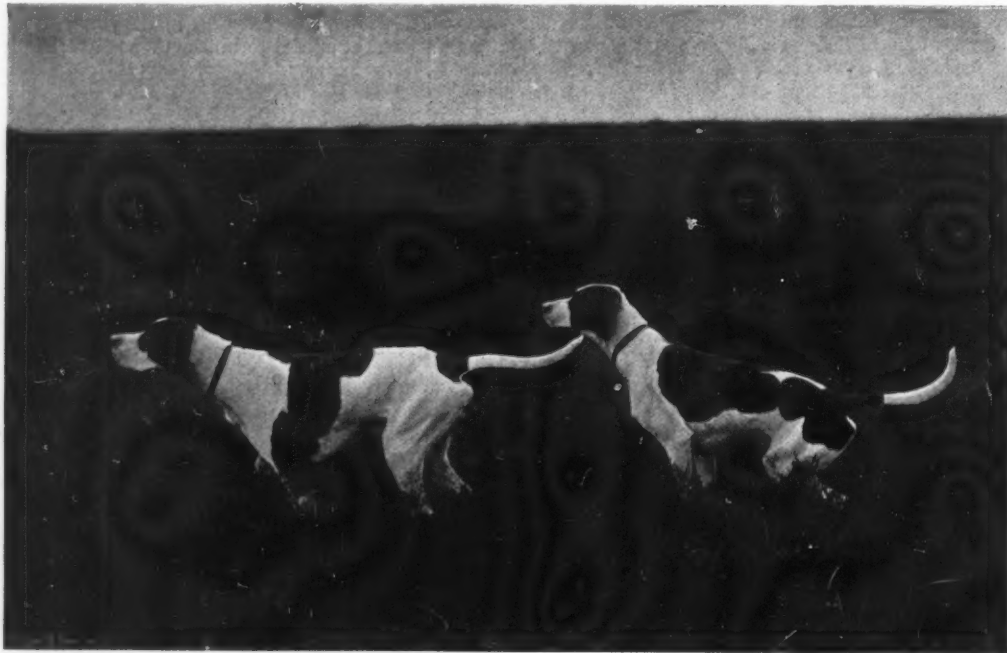
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THE MOMENT OF ENQUIRY.

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more striking, and certainly more obvious, are not nearly as subtle and delicate as the differences in the different degrees of nearness to the game. As these differences are the most subtle, so they will be the most difficult for the sculptor to render, and his greatest triumphs when rendered successfully. Of course only the few, the initiated and the observant, will appreciate the work when it is done, but then the appreciation of one of these is worth more than the ignorant applause of the multitude. The artist's pleasure is in pleasing himself and the best criticisms.

That ought to be the aim of the breaker, and of his dog too—not just to find their game and go through with their work in such a manner as to satisfy the wants of the ruck of shooters, but to satisfy the critical taste of those who know what artistic breaking really means and have a high standard by which to judge the results. There is not much fear of our putting our standards, whether for our dogs or for ourselves, too high, and as Sir Walter Scott says somewhere—in “Peveril of the Peak,” is it not?—“it is more important that our standards should be high than that we should attain them,” or words to that effect. And this is true of dogs and sculptors, of “gods and little fishes.” A man who knows dogs well, and his individual dog well, can almost fancy that he knows, by the attitude of the dog at each moment as he draws up to his game, the kind of sensations and emotions that possess him. There are moments when the dog will stop for a moment, for no particular reason, and one cannot but think that he is almost overcome, as it were, by the delight of the sensation, so DEEPLY APPRECIATIVE does he seem; and one could almost fancy that he was saying a deep-felt canine prayer in gratitude for a scent so blessed. It is perhaps a pity that we have not the same subtlety of



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

DRAWING UP TO THE GAME.

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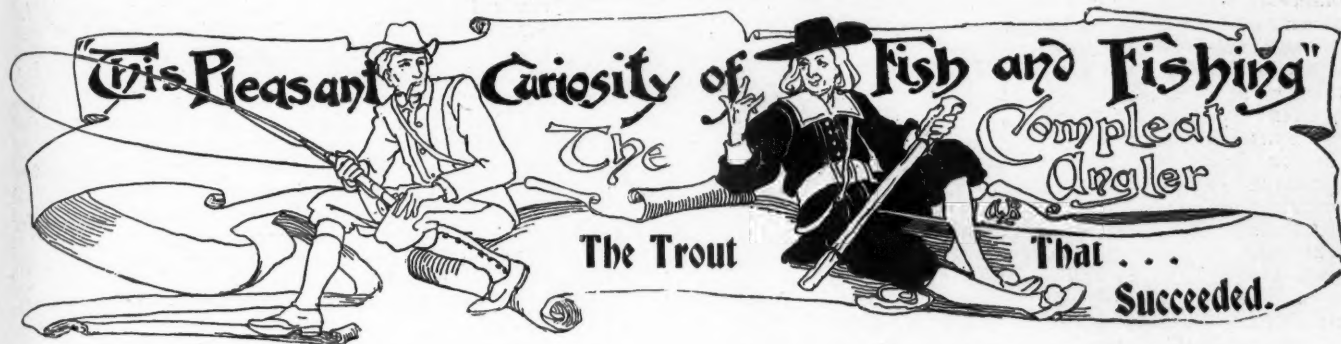
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DEEPLY APPRECIATIVE.

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smell. We should then arrange a succession, a harmony, of delightful smells, as now a series of delightful forms or colours to charm the eye or sound to enchant the ear. But on the other hand there are, even as it is, a great many disagreeable smells in the world. Perhaps they outnumber the agreeable; and in that case, where ignorance of such smells is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise. The variety of smells that a dog must be conscious

of in a day's work is startling to imagine. Most interesting is it to see how the dog is led up to his game, scarcely of his own volition, as it would seem, but rather as if some invisible cord held him fixed and drew him onward, inevitably, in one direction. It would be terrible, and a cruel obstruction of the public thoroughfares, if our noses led us so irresistibly to the shops of Atkinson, of Rimmel, and the rest of them.



SCENE—A moorland pass high up under heather ridges in the West Country. A trout stream brawls amongst great concourse of boulders spread down the coomb; high hills tower upon either hand; and through the desolation pass Mr. and Mrs. FRANK TREVOR. 'Tis their honeymoon; but thunder broods in the upper chambers of the air, and relations are something strained, for TREVOR has been fishing three hours and caught nothing. Belonging as he does to that class of sportsman which depends upon slaughter for happiness, this complete failure to take life has unsettled his temper seriously.]

HE (on one side of the river): Come over here, and let us eat our lunch. (Flings himself down in the shadow of a great rock and opens his creel.)

SHE (on the other side): I can't get across, Frank.

HE: Oh, yes you can. It's all right. Jump and chance it. You can take the wretched stream in your stride down there.

SHE (arriving hot and disappointed that he would not help her as usual): I nearly twisted my ankle—

HE: There! they've forgotten the salt again—fools! And cold mutton sandwiches for the dozenth time! If there is a sickening thing to eat it's—

SHE: They make such a difficulty about getting beef at the farm.

HE: They make a difficulty about every sort of ordinary civilised food. Shooting on the Zambesi is simple luxury compared to this brutal desert. You ought to have come to Norway, as I suggested and wished.

SHE: You know perfectly well that a sea voyage would have very likely upset me for life.

HE: Nonsense! it's all hysteria. After the first day you'd have been perfectly fit. What's that forsaken-looking thing done up in paper at the bottom of my creel?

SHE: I slipped it in there—the duck we didn't eat last night.

HE: Why on earth didn't you say so before? Here I've been choking myself with these infernal sandwiches and a cold duck under my nose!

SHE: I forgot it.

HE: You'll have to pay a little more attention to detail, Maude, when we go home. I'm not a difficult man to please, and, as you know, eating and drinking are the last things I care about, but hang it—oh, d— the flies, they're on everything!

SHE (resenting his threat): Funny with so many flies about that you can't catch a trout. They eat flies, don't they?

HE: Trout! I'm sick of the name of trout, and sick of the lies they tell about fishing at the farm. There's always some wretched doctor, or postman, or ploughboy who's just caught three dozen, or killed a two-pounder, or some rot of that sort. Whereas the truth is there aren't any trout worth mentioning between here and the Midlands. Dartmoor's all right, no doubt, if you happen to be a convict in want of five years' penal servitude; and that's about the only thing it's good for, apparently. From the point of view of sport, it's enough to turn a man's hair grey.

SHE (whose life has been spent in Devonshire, and who has been taught to understand that "the Moor" is a stepping-stone to Paradise): How can you, Frank, knowing what I feel to it? The dear Moor! There's no other place like it in this world!

HE: That's true; and I hope there won't be in the next. I didn't come here to sit on ants' nests and catch minnows. I came to kill decent trout; and your brother said they were simply shouldering one another out of the water in these lonely streams; and—well—he's a liar, not to put too fine a point on it.

SHE: It doesn't follow there are no trout because you catch none.



"WELL JUMPED! THERE, LIGHT AS A FEATHER."

HE: I didn't ask you to criticise my fishing, Maude. I've killed as many heavy trout with a fly—a dry fly, too—as most men who fish the rise.

SHE: You're too clever altogether, I expect. What do these poor little ignorant Devon trout know about a dry fly and fishing the rise? If you just fished like ordinary people do about here, and didn't make such a frightful fuss, and didn't talk so much, and didn't keep telling me to go further off and not look into the water, you'd do much better very likely.

HE: Of course, if you're going to be satirical and ironical and all that—

SHE: I'm not—I'm not going to do anything or say anything. I'm going back to the farm.

HE: To write to your mother. I know you are.

SHE: It's a free country.

HE: Well, don't drag me in, please.

SHE: My dear boy, you're not the only subject in the world, though you are my husband. I suppose I can describe the scenery to dearest mother without putting you in the foreground fishing for trout—and not catching any.

HE (*flinging down a duck bone*): This is too much.

SHE (*instantly relenting*): I'm sorry—very, very sorry. I didn't mean that. It was wrong—wicked of me. Forgive me, Frank.

HE (*taking his pipe out of its case moodily*): Yes, I'll forgive you, of course; but it's simply fatal, this bitter way in which we're harrowing one another's feelings and stinging one another to madness. You can't help having a sharp tongue, but you ought not to lash out like this. It'll end in trouble—perhaps life-long misery for both of us.

SHE: I won't again; I'll never say a snappy word again, as long as I live. And I'm sure, as to the wretched trout, that there can't be a ghost of a fish within miles and miles—
(*A very palpable rise ripples a still reach of the river ten yards away from them.*) At least, not many, and only little shrimps of things.

HE (*excited*): By Jove! that wasn't a very small fish, though. No splash and no nonsense, but just a quiet, gentlemanly, dignified rise. (*The eternal hope of the true angler begins to glow in his breast.*) They may be going to move a bit after all. I'll try him with a small alder and the thinnest cast I've got.

SHE (*secretly praying for success*): Don't be disappointed if you cannot catch him. I believe he's only a little mite, really. (*Remembering something he has said frequently before*) They're all rising short—I know they are.

HE: Steady! Don't you move. (*He crosses the stream, casts correctly, and shows himself a fair fisherman, but without genius. A strong rise rewards him. He strikes with rather dangerous vigour; but the Fates are on his side.*) Got him! (*A game half-pounder makes a noble rush, quite worthy of a heavier fish.*) By Gad, it's a decent trout! (*In less than two minutes the half-pounder has fought and lost. He then comes ashore amid much enthusiasm.*)

SHE: Oh, what a wonderful piece of fishing! It's like magic! How beautiful he is! I shouldn't have thought it possible! He must weigh a pound or more!

HE: The danger was when he made his second run for the broken water. I saw his game in a second, but with this trace—hardly thicker than a spider's web—I had to, etc., etc.

SHE: And if this one was rising, there may be others hungry too.

HE: For certain. Cross to this side, but on no account run any risk. Wait for my hand! Careful! Well jumped! There—light as a feather! Now we'll see what's to be done. We can fish up stream, too, thank Heaven! Another rise! (*Half-heartedly*) You try now, Maude—do.

SHE: Not for the world! Perhaps presently, when you've caught quite a number more, dear one! Now I'll take the creel and your mackintosh; then you'll fish more easily.

HE: Don't you mind really, dearest?

SHE: Of course not, my own!

HE: Whoever had such a treasure of a wife! There's another good rise. Come on slowly after me.

[*The fish move for an hour and a-half, while TREVOR kills nine and puts back five. The rise then ceases, upon which MRS. TREVOR takes the rod for a while and her husband sits on the bank and instructs. Anon they go homeward very amiably in the sunset.*]

HE: How glorious the Moor is in this red-gold light—better than Derbyshire, or Yorkshire, or anywhere—so weird and savage—superb!

SHE: I love it so much. I do like to hear you say it pleases you, Frank. I didn't say too much about it, did I?

HE: I should think not—glorious! It was quite an inspiration of yours to come here, you clever little angel!

SHE: Doesn't it tire you to put your arm round me while you carry all those beautiful heavy trout?

HE: Tire me! Never! Besides, a full creel's much easier to carry than an empty one—at least, so I find it.

SHE: The after-glow!—how lovely!—all rose and silver and mist! Oh dear, Frank, d'you think our life is going to be like that beautiful sky?

HE: Yes, darling, candidly I believe it is—just like that, only more lasting, of course. While my arm is strong to work for you, Maude, and my brain to think for you, I shall always to my dying day, etc., etc.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Rare British Animals . . . Mr. Leigh Pemberton's Collection.

IT was a happy thought of Mr. Leigh Pemberton's to gather together at his house in Kent a complete collection of the rare and interesting survivors of the carnivorous beasts of our own country. The decline and fall of those Ancient Britons, the badger, the wild cat, and the marten, has not caused the same regret as the destruction of the eagles and hawks. "I would I were a bird" would be their wish if they could speak, for the birds at present monopolise all public sympathy and the beasts get little or none.

Far the rarest of the animals at Woodside are the wild cats and the marten cats. In Scotland the range of the last of the wild cats was ascertained in 1880 to be north of a line drawn from Oban to the junction of the three counties of Perth, Forfar, and Aberdeen. Until recently their last strongholds were believed to be in the northern deer forests of Inverness-shire and in parts of Sutherland, such as the Forest of Reay. In Ireland there are none, and it is very doubtful if there ever were any, and from England they have long disappeared, the last seen in Cumberland having been killed by Lord Ravensworth in 1853. But as the cat and kittens in the Ashford collection came from Argyllshire, it is clear that the enterprising Highland wild cat has succeeded in planting colonies further South. The marten is said to be rarer than the wild cat in Scotland, but the present writer has good reason to believe that this is not the case. The increase of pine woods suits its habits,

and there is no inducement to trap it in the deer forests. With the indulgence of the great proprietors there is every chance that they and the wild cats, like the golden eagles, may increase. Game, other than deer, is discouraged in the forests, and the now vanishing carnivorous animals help to act as police. But some idea of the war waged against them may be gathered from the returns of vermin killed on the great properties. From March, 1831, to March, 1834, no less than 900 wild cats, martens, and polecats were killed on the Duke of Sutherland's estates alone, and paid for at half-a-crown a head! Now the polecat has become almost as scarce as the marten, in parts of Scotland where it was formerly common, because rabbits have increased and are trapped and the polecats are caught in gins. Where the rabbits are not trapped the polecats survive. But there are still martens in

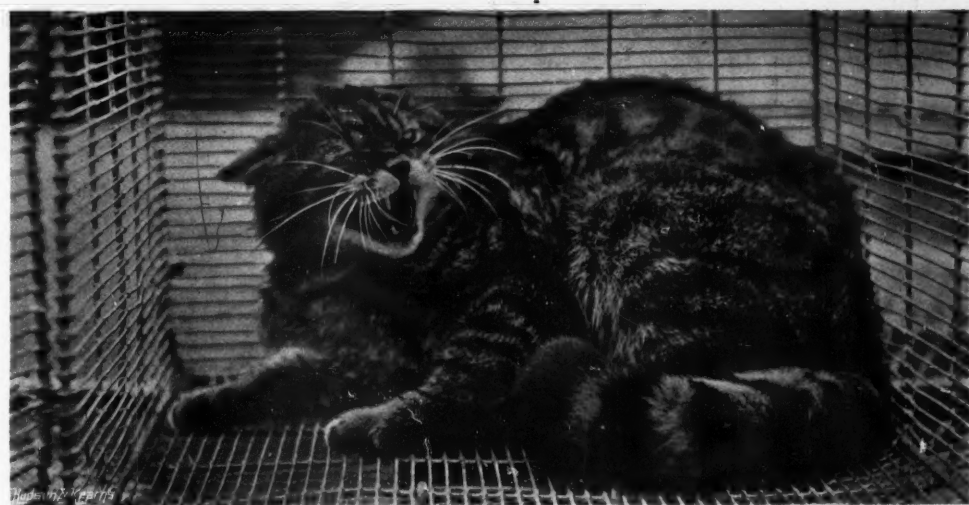


H. Penfold.

KITTENS OF WILD CAT.

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Cumberland, and perhaps in Wales and the Peak of Derbyshire, and as near to Dublin as the Wicklow Mountains, where a fine specimen was caught not long ago in Lord Powerscourt's wild park near the falls of the Dargle. As late as 1850 it was commonly seen in the fir-woods on the hillsides in Derbyshire, especially near Buxton. Mr. Leigh Pemberton was particularly lucky in securing his three wild cats almost uninjured. THE OLD TOM was caught by its claw in a gin, and put in a sack before it had time to escape. This cat, which we show also IN GENTLER MOOD, eats his half rabbit *per diem*, and is in very good health, but quite untamable. The other pair are ten months' old kittens, very probably the children of the old cat, for they were taken in the same locality, and by the same keeper. The peculiar shape and markings of the wild cat are well shown in the photographs, its broad flat head, rough brindled coat, and short tail, which does not taper at the end like a



H. Penfold.

THE OLD TOM.

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shown in the photographs, coat, and short tail, which common cat's, but is like

member of this tribe still surviving is the polecat. It is now very rare in England, but it would not be correct to say that it is extinct in any county.

The writer saw one in one of the large woods on the borders of Oxfordshire last year, and there is little doubt that it survives in Essex. Mr. Leigh Pemberton has four specimens, all of which came from Scotland. The polecat is exactly like a large brown ferret, the male being often of very considerable size.

Of our other large carnivorous animals the fox stands alone, but the otter and the badger are both related to the marten and the polecat. Both are represented in the Woodside collection. Mr. Leigh Pemberton has gone further in the direction of making his otters show their skill in the water than anyone, except the fortunate few who have been able to train them to catch fish and retrieve them. Of the PAIR OF OTTERS the smaller was caught in Ireland and the larger in England. The most interesting feats of otters are those performed under water, though their demeanour on land, when they are tame, is amusing enough.

In order to show them in their native element the owner has built them a large brick-lined tank, 15yds. long. Into this their allowance of fish is put alive, and the otters have a hunt like that indulged in by the penguins at the Zoo in their glass-faced pool.



H. Penfold.

IN GENTLER MOOD.

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a badger-hair shaving brush. Next to the wild cat in rarity is the marten cat. It is distinct from other weasels, having different teeth and a longer tail, but whether the two varieties, that with a white throat, known as the beech marten, and the buff-throated, or pine marten, are really separate species is rather doubtful. In our islands the pine marten is the commoner, probably because the largest continuous woodlands in Scotland are pine woods, in which this variety mainly lives. The natural prey of the pine marten is the squirrel. The beech marten, or Southern species, feeds on what living creatures it can kill. Martens also eat fruit, a habit which distinguishes them from others of the weasel nature. Mr. Leigh Pemberton's martens are beech martens, and by no means tame. A learned Oxford don wrote a treatise showing that the cats of Ancient Greece and Rome were really martens. In cases where there is any doubt, it is probable that the animal referred to was neither, but one of the civets, which is still often domesticated like a cat in Southern Europe.

Our illustration shows the BEECH MARTEN looking out of his cage door. Another interesting



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A PAIR OF OTTERS.

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A BEECH MARTEN.

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The fish are generally caught by the tail, but this is perhaps because they are young otters and not experts. It is evidently not business-like for otters to do this. One of them chased and caught a large 3½lb. pike, seizing it by the tail. The pike at once twisted round, and with its crocodile-like teeth seized the otter by the paw. The otter had his revenge, for he ate the pike. They catch 1lb. roach with great ease, but smaller fish give them a good deal of trouble to secure. Badgers, peregrine falcons, some YOUNG GOSHAWKS, and a pair of splendid golden eagles from Scotland are also in the collection, and a fine raven hops about at liberty outside the cages. The idea of forming a collection of the rarer indigenous animals is so good that we wonder it has not been carried out before, and Mr. Leigh Pemberton deserves great credit for the success with which he has carried it out. The time taken in obtaining the animals from the distant parts of the island, where they still exist, has not been long, little more than a year. Yet they are now representative of all the more interesting land species, and are in such fine condition that no one would credit that they live in captivity, unless the fact were known. The possession of a rabbit warren, from which

H. Penfold.



A SCOTCH POLECAT.

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ones. There is, of course, Mr. Tait. He has now gone to sterner work in South Africa. If he were at home he would be winning if he were playing at St. Andrews; he would not run counter to the schemes of any of those we have cited, unless it might be Mr. Laidlay, and in any case Mr. Tait himself is not to be rated any longer in the very youngest generation. He, too, has younger rivals, but his rivals cannot equal or master him any more than those of the Southern folk. Mr. Hilton is just a little older again than Mr. Tait; but the rest are all of the veteran brigade. Mr. Graham at Hoylake is creeping up to equality with the very best, by all seeming. There is Mr. Ellis at Oxford, evidently a power to reckon with, and there is Mr. Maxwell at North Berwick. These three are, perhaps, the most promising of the coming ones; but of the many who seem to be coming there are so few that actually arrive. The life seems to hang on long in these old dogs.

A good many folk are expressing much dissatisfaction with the new rules of golf, that they have been made copyright. Why not? They say the premier club



H. Penfold.

YOUNG GOSHAWKS

Copyright

fresh natural food is drawn daily, is perhaps the secret of this success.

On the Green.

IN a small way nothing seems much more remarkable than the persistency with which those who used to be the swells at golf continue to be the swells—that is to say, among the amateurs, for in the professional ranks there has been much more coming and going of talent; Taylor has been succeeded by Vardon, and so on. But among the amateurs those who were winning a decade or so ago, and in some cases a deal longer back, are winning still. There is Mr. John Ball going round Leasowe in a record score, there is Mr. Hilton quite undefeated on the Formby Links, there is Mr. Laidlay winning the Honourable Company's medal (after a tie with a yet more seasoned veteran, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville), there is Mr.

Horace Hutchinson winning at Brancaster and Ashdown Forest. And the singular thing is that this is exactly what would have been happening ten years ago and more. There are no new



MR. LEIGH PEMBERTON AND YOUNG MARTEN.

seems to be trying to "make a bit" out of them. Why should it not? The critics appear to forget that the club has in the first place taken a deal of trouble, and in the second been to a deal of expense, about them. Suggestions, proofs, revises, notices, queries, heaven knows what, all have been sent to the committeemen from time to time (the writer himself has seen a brave portion of them), and all the expense of time, trouble, printing, and postage has fallen, so far as we know (there is no other apparent paymaster), on the Royal and Ancient Club. Surely it ought to be entitled to get a little back, if that is its aim. On that point we are not quite certain. It may be that the club deems the securing of copyright to give it a power over irresponsible editions of the rules. Already there is issued by an Edinburgh firm an unofficial little book of the rules, differing in some small details from the copyrighted version. How far this difference evades the copyright the present writer is not qualified to say, but the unauthorised version does not contain the latest official alterations and amendments.

The Oxford and Cambridge teams respectively were engaged on the same day of last week against Woking and Blackheath. A feature of the former match was that Mr. B. Darwin beat Mr. H. C. Ellis by a hole. On the other hand, Mr. H. G. B. Ellis beat Mr. Hunter by five holes—a severe business. On the whole the team did very well in beating the Woking side. And the Cambridge people at Blackheath did beyond expectation well in beating the strong local side. The best feature of the whole victory was a very fine individual performance on the part of Mr. Leathart, who beat Mr. F. Ireland by three holes. Mr. Ireland is generally so invincible on his own green that Mr. Leathart's victory is well worthy to be put beside that of Mr. Darwin over Mr. Ellis, who has beaten so many good ones lately.



THIS is an important period of the year for all those who take an interest in thorough-breds, whether in those who are still battling with the storm and stress of life, either on the flat or between the flags, or in their more fortunate elders who have relinquished the hard work of the training stable, and the excitement of the race-course, for the ease and quiet of some reposeful stud farm. The last week of the racing season of 1899 is, as I write these notes, being wound up at Manchester, and for some months to come our minds will be principally directed towards summing up the two year old form

of the year, and endeavouring to come to some definite conclusion as to the respective merits of its various representatives. On this interesting subject I shall often have something to say in these notes between now and the day when we once more find ourselves reassembling at Lincoln.

Another season under National Hunt Rules has also made a definite beginning, and for some time to come these notes will have to follow the course of this branch of sport. Unfortunately steeplechasing, the vital and essential element of this form of racing, has fallen on evil days, and, so far as can be judged by present indications, the season immediately in front of us will be a tame one. Hurdle racing will flourish, no doubt, but that is at best but a hybrid sort of sport, and one which should, in my opinion, be confined to three and four year olds, though its uses in finding employment for bad horses, and its popularity among gamblers, will always keep it alive. The so-called hunters' flat races have long ago ceased to interest anyone, and unfortunately the National Hunt Committee have practically "boycotted" the new National Hunt Welter Flat Races, lately sanctioned by the Jockey Club, by failing to amend their rule as to the distribution of stakes.

It therefore appears only too probable that National Hunt sport, which has for the last twelve, or fifteen years been going steadily downhill, will reach even a lower depth than it has yet touched during the winter of 1899-1900. One bright spot there is in this gloomy horizon, and only one and this ray of hope, if it is to grow to anything, will have first to lighten the almost impenetrable darkness of National Hunt Committee stupidity. I am alluding of course to the so-called *point-to-point steeplechases*, for which "Borderer," in his letters to the *Sportsman*, proposes the far better name of *cross-country steeplechases*. Here is a real sport, which is intensely popular in all the country districts of England, and is an encouragement to farmers and others to breed the right sort of horse. Hitherto the National Hunt authorities, for some utterly unintelligible reason of their own, have opposed its growth, in spite of which it has of late made enormous progress, and there are not wanting signs that it will before long conquer all obstruction, and become a separate and independent sport, under its own committee, and governed by its own rules. Then shall we see real steeplechasing, over real "countries," for real sportsmen, in addition to the artificial style of thing which will no doubt still go on for the amusement and occupation of townfolk and gamblers.

In addition to these subjects, which must always be of interest at the end of a flat-race and the beginning of a jumping season, there are the yearlings that we have seen, either in the privacy of the stud farms where they were foaled or reared, or at one of the many sales of the season, to think about, and, if possible, some idea to be formed of their merits. And then, again, immediately in front of us looms the Newmarket December sales, a most important function to breeders and all who deal in bloodstock, as well as a most interesting one to all those who like to follow the progress of the national sport. For the next few weeks, therefore, I shall have plenty to write about in these notes concerning the flat-race form of the season now coming to an end, the prospects of the new jumping season, the sport going on "between the flags," the yearlings which will soon be two year olds, and the various sales of bloodstock.

To go back for a moment to the events of the week, I must begin by saying one word about poor "Morty" Sharpe, whose death has caused so much sincere regret amongst a very large circle of friends. He was never associated with racing himself, more than by having a few brood mares and breeding on a small scale, but he lived at Chippenham Park, just outside Newmarket on the Bury side, and he was, some few years ago, made an honorary member of the Jockey Club. He kept open house at Chippenham during the Newmarket meetings, and his hospitality both there and at his London house was unbounded. He was a good friend, a cheery companion, and the best of hosts, and his place will not be easily filled.

As for last week's racing, the first three days gave us some fairly good plating at Warwick and Folkestone, and then the season was well wound up at Manchester. At Warwick, on Monday, Little Red Rat continued his victorious career by winning the Emscote Handicap, carrying 9st. As Esmeralda II. and Morland were among those who finished behind him, it was quite a useful performance, and he is no doubt a very speedy five year old just now. Convoy, who took the Stratford Welter Plate, is by Orme out of that fine mare Grace Conroy, now at the Cottingham Stud, and he won as he liked from Splendour and St. Maur, who finished second and third. This added one more to the premier sire's (Orme) winning total. After his recent defeat of Pat McCann, the Wild Rose gelding was naturally made favourite for the Stoneleigh Plate, which he won by two lengths from Karnak. Vendetta, who finished in front of the winner at Lewes, was nowhere here at the same weights.

On Tuesday Corblets Bay was beaten in the Warwick Nursery, which was unfortunate for his owner, Mr. Patton, seeing that he is to be offered for sale at Newmarket next week;

but as he was carrying 9st. 3lb., and giving a lot of weight away to everything that opposed him, his value ought not to be depreciated in the least. The November Handicap brought out nine runners, amongst them Uncle Mac and Winsome Charteris. The first of these was made favourite, but the mile and three-quarters was probably too far for him, and he finished nearly last, whilst Winsome Charteris again disappointed her connections, and I am afraid she is a jade. From the distance Squire Jack, White Frost, and Foston ran a great race home, the first-named staying the longest, and winning by three-quarters of a length, whilst White Frost beat Foston by a head for second place. At Folkestone, on the same afternoon, Melampus beat St. Moritz, Sea Fog, and thirteen others in the Romsey Plate, of one mile, which says something for Celada and Waterhen, both of whom finished in front of Mr. Tom Cannon's colt in the Markeaton Plate at Derby. This is all I need say about this meeting here.

There was some "hurdling" at Warwick on Wednesday, and I happen to know that Mr. Bethell's Abbeywood, who ran the winner, Glentworth, to a neck, had never before been galloped more than a mile, and had only one school over timber. Naturally he was claimed. And here I may mention that Mr. Bethell, owing to his having gone to live in another part of Northamptonshire, where he cannot get enough land for paddocks, is selling all his stud, including brood mares, foals, yearlings, stallions, and horses in training, at Albert Gate on Monday, December 18th. The sale will be absolutely without reserve, and as there are some really good-looking and well-bred animals among them, I advise all buyers of bloodstock of any sort to go and have a look at them.

I have more than once written in these notes of late that those two good Irish mares, Waterhen and Sirenica, lately the

property of Colonel A. Paget (now in South Africa with the Scots Guards), and now belonging to Mr. Neumann, would win races before the end of the season. The first-named very nearly did so when she ran second to Celada at Derby, and this made me think it more than likely that Sirenica would go one better in the Midland Counties Handicap at Warwick. For some reason or another she started at 7 to 1, Clarehaven, Candelaria, and Oban being all better favourites, but they were no use to her in the race, and she won in a canter by a couple of lengths. It was not long before Sirenica added another victory to her Warwick success, as on the second day of the Manchester Meeting she annexed the Lancashire Handicap of 1,000 sovs., run over one mile, and there was a lot of winning form amongst the sixteen that finished behind her.

With the first day of Manchester we had an improvement in the class of sport, and the Lancaster Nursery Handicap of seven furlongs was quite an interesting affair. Bowmore, carrying 7st. 2lb., was made favourite, and Victor Wolf was well backed, but neither of them was good enough, as after Prince Charming had run bang in front to the straight, where the favourite went on, and soon had Victor Wolf beat, Fabulist dropped from the clouds, and easily giving Bowmore the go-by, won by a length. The winner, who carried 7st. 3lb., is by St. Florian (son of St. Simon and Palmflower) out of Chance, by Balfe out of Antoinette, by Crown Prince, son of Newminster. Sweet Sounds was third, and Prince Charming fourth. Bowmore was a good second to Pantheon at Leicester, so that the form was not bad. The Rothschild Plate was won by the useful, if somewhat uncertain, Succoth, who is by the beautifully-bred Enthusiast out of Millwheel, and who, having nothing better than Victor Don to beat, ran home gamely and won by three lengths.

OUTPOST.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.



FIRST PRIZE : HERBACEOUS BORDER—MISS K. O. PILKINGTON.

IN a previous issue mention has been made in general terms of the excellent average of artistic quality shown by the very numerous competitors for our summer photographic prizes. It is but due to our readers and to the competitors that some specimens of the exquisite work achieved in the competition should be shown as promptly as possible, and it gives us very great pleasure to pay that due by exhibiting the pictures which go with these lines.

Before saying anything of the pictures, however, it is necessary to remark that a small difficulty has arisen, and

has been smoothed away by the honourable frankness of a competitor. In the letter enclosing a cheque to Mr. Thomas Hartley for the prize announced as having been won by him, we requested him, as provided in the rules of the competition, to forward to us the negatives for purposes of illustration. In his reply he very frankly informed us that three of his photographs included in the series sent to us had already won prizes, and that one of them had won the silver medal in the July competition of a photographic journal, and would probably appear in its winter number. Mr. Hartley, very properly, as we think, placed



SECOND PRIZE: A PASTORAL SCENE.—M. EMIL FREIHOY.

himself unreservedly in our hands, saying that if this fact should disqualify his prints he would return the cheque with apologies for the trouble he had caused. The apology was as unnecessary as the candour was praiseworthy. It was no trouble, but a pleasure, to examine Mr. Hartley's prints, which were excellent; but as he has placed himself in our hands, we have thought it more consonant with the natural fitness of things and with justice to award the third prize to a competitor who was originally "Very Highly Commended." Of the series sent in by that competitor we give one very striking and beautiful example. Meanwhile the winners of the first and second prizes are to be congratulated upon having won a very handsome victory; for they have both, and without doubt, beaten a silver medallist. Specimens of their beautiful work are produced in this issue, and, looking back upon the difficulty which was found in assigning the first prize, we rush forward to disarm criticism. If the competition had been for single pictures only, the first prize would in all probability have been awarded to the French competitor, whose entry was particularly welcome to us. His picture, which we reproduce, is idyllic and beautiful. Individually, it was far the most artistic picture sent in to us. On the other hand, the whole of the series submitted by the competitor to whom we have awarded the first prize was of equal excellence with the picture which we



THIRD PRIZE: WANDERERS FROM THE PATH.—MR. CHARLES F. INSTONE

of prophecies, and never once been proved wrong, until I came to the end of the sentence, when he admitted that the reason for his infallibility was probably because he had never prophesied anything that was to happen at a nearer date than 20,000 years. So however strange and eventful may be the experiences through which most of us sometimes pass whenever anything more extraordinary than usual causes us to wonder, temporarily, if there may not be something in it after all, we soon dismiss such out-of-date ideas, and attribute the phenomenon to "the long arm of coincidence."

There is the peculiar state of mind and body known as somnambulism, for instance. Volume after volume might be filled with the remarkable performances and adventures of sleep-walkers. It is very generally believed that no fatal accident has ever occurred to a somnambulist when actually under the influence of his dream, or whatever it may be. But in my own experience I have known of two fatal results, one owing to a fall from a roof, another to an attempt to pass from one railway carriage to another.

Having, in common with other members of my family, been a confirmed somnambulist from my earliest youth, these two accidents, which occurred almost simultaneously, made me feel somewhat nervous as to my own midnight wanderings.

I had recently joined my regiment in India, when these unhappy events took place out there, and, with the cheery brutality of subalterns, my younger brother officers took care to draw my attention to them and warn me to give up my nocturnal escapades.

In the spring of 1889 I was on a month's leave, fishing and shooting in Sirmoor territory, under the shadow of the outlying spurs of the Himalayas, and serrated, densely-vegetated Sewaliks. Sport with both rod and rifle had been

excellent, and it was with feelings of deep regret that I found my holiday drawing to a close. Oh! those glorious mornings in an Indian forest, when all Nature begins to wake as the first pink flush of dawn appears in the Eastern sky. When the hum of insect-life vibrates through the deep groves, and the calls of jungle-fowl, spur-fowl, and pea-fowl salute the coming day. When a crash through the undergrowth marks the passage of sambhur or cheetal returning from their nightly repast on the villagers' crops, or the swaying of some young sapling denotes the attempts of a stag to remove the last of the velvet from his antlers. When the troops of grey monkeys dash chattering into the tree-tops, disturbing hosts of doves and green pigeons, who scatter in every direction, protesting in eloquent notes against the unwarranted intrusion. When—hark! Yes—yes, there again, the deep, though distant, guttural—ominous, vindictive, awesome—silencing the forest with its portentous warning.

For early morning is the time to stalk on those hillsides, when the leaves are sodden with dew, and one can pass silently and cautiously in search of



SPECIAL PRIZE: AN OLD GARDEN.—MRS. DELVES BROUGHTON.

produce. And now we need do no more than leave the pictures to speak, with all the eloquence of polished art, for themselves. Last among them comes Mrs. Delves Broughton's Herbaceous Garden, which takes the special gardening prize.

Prophecy or Coincidence?

IN these days of scepticism it is not probable that much faith remains in the virtue of prophecy. "Never prophesy unless you know," is excellent advice, though so often disregarded, to their discomfiture, by those who so often predict the actual date for what some people still term the "end of the world."

In reading a lecture recently delivered in Dublin by Sir John Ball, I was therefore amazed at his announcement that he had made many hundreds

game. Two hours after sunrise every leaf will be dry as tinder, rustling at every step; every twig brittle as glass, snapping at the lightest touch with a crack loud enough to put every animal within a quarter of a mile on the alert. Then back to camp for breakfast and tub, as the sun takes the invigorating crispness out of the air. The day passes quickly enough in repairing tackle, loading cartridges, and preparing trophies of skins and heads, till at four o'clock your coolies come round to carry rods, tackle, and bait-can down to the river.

Who that has ever fished it can remember the lovely Giri without regret? The majestic scenery through which it flows, the teeming animal and bird life of its banks, and, best of all, the heavy plunging mahseer of its deeply-swirling pools.

On my last day, the lambadar—headman—of the neighbouring village went down to the river with me for our daily swim. He had attached himself to me on my arrival, and had proved quite invaluable as a shikari. He did not know much about fishing, certainly, but never missed an evening on the bank, and was as keen when a fish was hooked as any Deeside gillie. He was a fine swimmer, but always jumped in feet first until he saw me taking "headers" off a 6ft. rock, which afforded a grand "take-off." Never shall I forget his first attempt at following my example. Absolutely flat! I thought to see him float up with his stomach rent in twain.

As we swam round the pool on this last day, I became aware of the sound of angry, high-pitched voices approaching from the camp. Shortly afterwards an old woman, accompanied by my "bearer" and one or two coolies, appeared. No sooner did she catch sight of me and Nipper—a fox-terrier who never left my side—than she broke into torrents of invective, of which, delivered as it was in the vernacular, at the top of her voice, I could not understand one single word.

The lambadar, to whose village she belonged, ordered her to cease, but without avail. My servant's attempts to interpret were as useless, for in lung power the old harridan was more than a match for both. At last, being anxious to come out, and hopeless of understanding what the trouble was about under those circumstances, I shouted to my servant that she was to be removed while I—always a modest man—made my toilet, when I would enquire into her cause of complaint, and see that justice was done. So removed she was, howling threat after threat at my innocent head as she went.

When I was once more presentable, they told me that my dog had killed one of her goats that morning, for which she demanded compensation. "I telling her be quiet; master paying for goat alright," began old Moussa, full of wrath that his sahib should have been subjected to the indignity of an old woman's abuse. "But she very bad woman, sahib; when I take her away she making plenty bad words against sahib, saying he soon getting poor man, no having any wife ever; she saying master fighting for his life soon in river where he playing every day with lambadar." Here I interrupted the garrulous old

gentleman, giving him Rs.5 to present to the owner of the defunct kid, and telling Nipper—who most certainly understood the enormity of her offence—exactly what I thought about her, causing the little dog to be very ashamed of herself as she crawled away under my bed, where she remained till tea-time.

That evening, as I smoked my pipe by the camp fire, I had a long conversation with my old Mahomedan butler on the subject of religion, superstition, etc. We agreed that there seemed very little difference after all between most religions, but when it came to superstition we had to divide the house. I explained coincidence; he told many tales of miraculous appearances, fulfilled prophecies, etc., winding up by remarking that he would be glad when we were well over the Jumna ferry next day on our way home, as the old woman's curse had filled him with fear. At which I very naturally laughed and turned in.

My camp had been moved close down to the river—the Jumna—just below the mouth of the Giri. My first recollection was a sensation of intense cold, and I wondered at the night having changed so suddenly. Then I saw the stars, and wonder came that I could see them through the tent. Then, with a shock, I was wide awake in an instant, to find myself swimming down the river a good 15yds. to 20yds. from the shore. The feeling of sudden overpowering shock I have never forgotten, but in a couple of seconds I pulled myself together and headed angle-wise—for there was a desperate current running—for land. On the bank my old butler, frightened out of his wits, ran by my side calling on God and Mahomet to save me. After him came the whole gang of coolies, some twenty in number, awakened by his screams. I was just going to laugh at the absurdity of the whole scene, when a dull roar in my ears changed my amusement into sudden deadly panic, fear. The rapids, by the living God! Then Death stood up in front of me, and the struggle began. Without boasting, I may claim to be an expert swimmer, but every second the current grew swifter and swifter as I struck out with the desperation of love of life and fear of death.

Fifty yards from the head of the bellowing rapids, I was still more than 20ft. from shore, when my hand struck a rock, the top of which was only a few inches under water. Luckily it afforded a momentary hand-grip, which enabled me by a desperate effort to bring my body broadside on to it, where the torrent held me fast. From this rock to the bank was only a few paces, and not more than 4ft. of swiftly-flowing water. But the reaction had set in, and by no possibility could I have got there alone.

But my coolies—not one of whom could swim—then played the part of heroes for the sake of a white man whom they had known less than a month. Forming a chain of hands, they gradually let out the end man from the bank, making sure of every footstep as they advanced, till at last I felt the welcome grip of a sinewy black hand close like a vice on my wrist. A minute later I was on land, where I was violently sick. I have never walked—far less swam—in my sleep since.

A. E. M.

THE PELT-HUNTER.

BY K. AND H. PRICHARD.

I.

CAHUSAC took hold of his dark moustache and pulled it strongly. Then with a long arm he reached down the tobacco jar from its accustomed niche in the great carved mantelpiece that overhung him and slowly filled his pipe. The mellow light of a blazing wood fire shone on the wainscoted walls and showed the books, the whip-racks, the pictures, his father's bald head—all as he remembered them from his boyhood. His imagination had focussed itself round the room, its suggestions of pleasant warmth and home and the undefinable happiness we know in youth. Outside the park lay under snow, the trees were heavy with the burden of it, and Cahusac recollected in a flash that they were feeding the deer in the south paddocks, and how well the coverts over Hangers Hill had shot this season! Broken thoughts, yet all links in a chain that bound him to the old place he was born to inherit. Yet before he lit his pipe he had made up his mind.

"Sorry, but it's quite impossible, sir," he said.

"Very well, Geoff., you know the alternative." The old man's voice in its anger was not more definite than the son's in its courtesy.

"Banishment?"

Sir Geoffrey nodded.

"Hitherto," he began, looking hard at the brown face staring into the fire, "we have got on well together (for father and son) as times go. I have liked you—your companionship. At least you have a mind of your own. But a man of family who will not sacrifice himself for that family at such a pass as this is not the man with whom I care to burden myself any longer. The place is yours when I die—I can't help that; and I will leave you the mortgages in full, as you seem to fancy them, entirely unencumbered by a penny from me, and I believe you have a hundred pounds a year of your own. How does that strike you by way of a prospect?"

The answer being obvious, Cahusac kept silence.

"Marry this woman, and you shall have all I can give you," went on his father. "We could cut down the boundary between the two estates; Miss Hulme's two hundred thousand pounds is to be had for the asking."

"Ah! there's where the trouble comes in. I don't mean to ask her," replied the young man with a slight smile.

Sir Geoffrey gripped the arms of his chair and bent forward.

"What fault have you to find with her? She's a good girl enough. I like her. Or are you married already to one of your

Oxford barmaids? Come, speak up! I have an appointment with the bailiff in a quarter of an hour."

Geoffrey Cahusac removed his pipe and spoke deliberately.

"I assure you I have no ties or liaisons of any kind."

"Then why refuse me?"

"Because I find the prospect of Miss Hulme and her fortune even less invigorating than the other."

"Don't be whimsical!" cried the old man; "girls are all alike after the honeymoon. And take my word, it is an infernal deal pleasanter to keep a French cook—bad as they are nowa-days—than to starve in a third floor back and—and—wash your own socks."

Cahusac smiled again with easy sincerity, and his father read the sign favourably.

"Besides," he ran on, "Eton and Oxford don't lead to making one's own living. If I had known you wanted to do that I'd have taken you away from school at sixteen and got you a stool in a counting-house. As it is, you have the education of a gentleman, and the only thing it fits you for is ready to your hand. Marriage is a profession, and a devilish creditable one it is too. Besides, the girl ought to have some consideration—hey?"

"I don't think she'll break her heart," suggested Cahusac.

"Hey! no, not such a fool. Finer fish in the sea than you, Geoff. She's a sensible woman, with a safe interest in Sunday schools. You needn't speak to her after you're married, don't you know?"

"I've known barmaids who were a good deal more presentable than Miss Georgina Hulme," put in Cahusac bitterly, "and barmen of about the same social elevation as her father. Would you let me look at her but for the coin?"

"She's a damn good girl, I tell you! I like her; she's good enough for me!" persisted Sir Geoffrey furiously; "d'ye actually mean you won't marry her?"

"Yes," said Cahusac; "I mean just that, I'm afraid."

"And let the family go to the dogs? Then you don't sleep another night under my roof! Get out to your mutton bone and your beggary! Go!"

Cahusac stood up. He looked round at the trophies and then back into the fire. His heart in that moment yearned strongly to his home, but the alternative was too high a price to pay even for so goodly a thing.

Sir Geoffrey saw the signs of struggle in his face.

"What are your plans?" he asked more quietly.

"I don't think they would interest you, sir."
 "Geoff., have you any regard for me—my wishes? Think it over. Will you or will you not?"
 "Couldn't!" said Cahusac.
 "Then go!" thundered Sir Geoffrey; "get out of my house, and learn to keep yourself. It's more than I can afford! But don't count on dead men's shoes. I'll be a damn long time dying if I can!"

II.

Vast plains of snow lay slowly reddening under the late sunrise. A smear of light shaped like the fingers of a hand was thrust upwards from the horizon long before the sun peered broad and red across the emptiness of the Arctic slope. The wind coming out of the unexplored limitless north tinkled in the crevices of the ice. The sky was faint with day-break.

A small round-backed hut, hunched under a rise, alone broke the rolling vacancy of the giant landscape. Late as the hour was, according to ordinary notions of morning, nothing stirred within. The stupor of extreme fatigue had plunged its single inmate into the vast of sleep.

Then as day grew a hand struggled out and raked together the ashes of the expiring fire. A kettle, filled overnight with snow, was set on the iron tripod, and the hand retreated to the warmth of its owner's body. The fire flickered out presently over the dosing man's heavily-bearded face and woke him. Shoving off the coverings, Cahusac stood in the middle of the little floor and stretched himself.

It was now five years since he had left Commering with his father's challenge in his ears. The Geoff. Cahusac of that day was practically dead, and the new Cahusac sprung from the old germ was a strangely different man. He began by resolutely shutting out the old life from his mind, and passed into the new stripped of all but the advantages and disadvantages that God had given him.

Misfortune had ripened and strengthened his moral fibre; it had also hardened him. His nature, working in its own way, chose solitudes, where even among silent men he was said to be of a fierce and silent temper.

At first he had wandered for some time about Central America and the States, then he turned up at Montreal and looked about him. Bank life is the pick of the basket in Canada, and he quite truly realised that he would not tone in with that. So he drifted west and north by stages until he came within the fringe of the Arctic circle. Racial instincts and necessity alike

tempted him to the life, and growing inclination held him there. In those bleak latitudes it is not too much to say that all men hunt well; a chosen few hunt magnificently and immoderately. Passing through some one of the great gateways of the north these latter lose themselves for months and sometimes years in the solitudes beyond. No one who has not been through the mill can realise how they live. Think how the wolves live, and then consider that there men and wolves are closer and more akin than on any other portion of the globe.

Cahusac, who never half did anything, had carried his rifle as near the Pole as any of the others. He had served a rough apprenticeship, but now he tracked and shot as many men in fat and lazy England would give half their fortune to do. Cahusac found it a good life while it lasted. It was the interest he received on that open-handed outlay of his iron

constitution, but it did not add in any way to his capital.

As he lit a pipe, half smoked out the night before, he felt glad that the trip was about over, and that another week would probably find him with his back turned upon the Pole, making his way swiftly down towards the partial civilisation of the trading outposts. He stepped to the door and opened it upon a dawn sparkling with cold. The white expanse rolled away in ridge and hummock to the limit of sight. Suddenly Cahusac fancied he saw something move over a distant ridge with the unwieldy softness of a bear's flank.

He sprang back into the hut, caught up his rifle, and in another moment was hastening on his snow-shoes towards the spot.

As he slackened pace on approaching the ridge he heard the sharp bark of a rifle ring out on the clear air. He checked himself to listen. A hoarse confused sound followed,

and then came a high-pitched shout that could only be a cry for help.

Cahusac sped on, and as he topped the edge of the rise he saw in the hollow below him a bear standing over the body of a man. A little beyond a half-grown cub lay moaning on the blood-stained snow. The bear moved, dragging the man with her; moreover, Cahusac saw that he was holding on by both hands to the animal's throat. The pelt-hunter was a man to whose nerves danger only added an additional fillip. Although there was no appearance of hurry, his movements could hardly have been swifter. Locking the rifle to his shoulder, he fired. The bear in moving received the bullet somewhere; yet not vitally hurt, it turned upon its new enemy furiously. Cahusac reloaded as the great brute swung into its shuffling charge, the huge body swaying and gathering momentum with every stride. He waited till it was within ten paces, and then put his bullet



"His wide eyes stared back without expression into Cahusac's, then the lids fell suddenly as his head rolled a little to one side."

into its gaping mouth. Still it rushed on, then the fore legs seemed to give, and the whole huge mass lunged forward in a sort of unwieldy somersault to his feet.

In another moment he was beside the wounded hunter, who lay with wide-open eyes in an ominous broken attitude that was far from reassuring.

Cahusac bent over him.

"Damaged?" he asked.

The other made no answer. His wide eyes stared back without expression into Cahusac's, then the lids fell suddenly as his head rolled a little to one side.

Cahusac stepped across the body to pick up a rifle which had evidently been dropped by the wounded man. It was a Purdey, with fine carving and finish, that told its own tale to the pelt-hunter. As he was about to lay it down a silver gleam from under the stock made him pause. It was a small plate marked "A. S. B., Commering, Hants." The wanderer and this waif of the plain had drifted, each in his turn, from the little distant village to meet upon the margin of the habitable world. With a very gentle hand Cahusac laid down the rifle and turned back to its owner. Taking advantage of his unconsciousness, Cahusac lifted the youth, for he was little more, and carried him to the hut, where he laid him flat upon the blankets.

He found the injury in the right thigh, and, warming his hands, cut away the clothing from the limb. The bone was broken and overlapping; Cahusac could feel the crepitation as he passed his fingers along the black and swollen surface. Then while he made ready to the best of his means to do some rough frontier surgery, the young man opened his eyes.

"Give me some brandy; I feel beastly queer!" he gasped.

Cahusac did as he was asked.

"My name's Bates—Stanley Bates," added the other.

Cahusac smiled at the tone.

"All right, Bates, grip yourself," he said; "we can't have you jacking about all the rest of your life with one leg four inches shorter than the other—now, hold on!"

He was kneeling at Bates's feet, and with the words pulled the broken limb to its proper length, and as the bone slid back to its place the patient fainted again.

With a spare rifle and pieces of snow-shoe for splints and strips of blanket for padding Cahusac set the leg with admirable deftness. In less than half-an-hour the short third splint was in its place, and with a humorous pride in his handiwork Cahusac added a foot-piece that stuck up grotesquely in the gloom of the hut.

After that for some days life became a dream of fever and pain. During that time Bates laid bare the shallows of character that lie covered under the high tide of ordinary life. He would have been a very common-place young fellow but for the fact that having always possessed much more money than he had any use for he was disproportionately careful of it. One fallacy regarding wealth remained with him. He was quite certain of its power to move mountains.

Cahusac attended on him night and day with a curious self-contemptuous interest. His thoughts were vivid during those lonely hours, and all the old bitter sweet, long pent flood of remembrance carried him back out of his new existence. The presence of the unconscious man was like an unopened letter under the exile's hand. Yet long after Bates came to himself and resumed his habitual chatter he unknowingly withheld the object of his companion's dumb desire.

One evening as Bates lay watching the play of the firelight upon Cahusac's face, he suddenly asked:

"When can we start, Johnny?"

Cahusac looked up.

"Start?" he repeated.

"I want to get home some time, I suppose you know?" replied Bates fretfully.

"You'll get there in the course of next summer, I expect."

"But my party are somewhere to the south'ard. Why didn't you find them?"

"A snowstorm came on and wiped out your tracks. Besides, you couldn't be moved."

"Not be moved? Of course I could. Expense don't count with me. It's a pity you didn't take a little more trouble; you wouldn't have lost by it, you know."

Bates's assumptions gave Cahusac a savage pleasure. The young man, having learned that Cahusac hunted from necessity not from choice, had decided that the man must be kept in his place.

Loneliness and hardship had left their mark upon Cahusac. Though barely thirty years of age, he looked much more, for exposure had laid its searing hand upon his features. His moustache and beard, now thick and strong, were darker than in the old times, and the natural kindness of his nature was masked over by a flinty reserve.

"No, I shouldn't have lost," he said in answer to Bates's last remark, "for I should have been in decent quarters again instead of hibernating here with you."

"It's hanged bad luck on me, I know!" returned Bates,

moving restlessly upon his bed of skins. "As for you—by the way, what's your name?"

Cahusac took his pipe from his lips.

"Johnny's as good as another," he said; "besides, you're used to it now."

Bates reddened in the dusk. There was a ring in the man's voice that bothered his notions of superiority.

"All right," he said after a pause. "Johnny's as good as"—he was about to add "as your own, for all I know," but he changed it—"any other. If you pull me through the winter here, Johnny, I'll make it worth your while."

III.

Winter came roaring down in full blast out of the north. The winds, that had swept across the farther ice, crashed resistlessly southwards, sharp with living cold and blind with snow.

Wintering inside the Arctic Circle is a tedious business, and not one to be undertaken with every chance companion. It must be admitted that, had choice been possible, Cahusac's feelings would not have directed him towards Algernon Stanley Bates. In spite of the stress of weather that young man grew rapidly better, and to his companion's notions cumulatively more insufferable.

At first Cahusac was busy enough, what with preparations for food and fuel supplies and attendance on the wounded man. But both these occupations failed him while the winter was yet young, and many months steeped in gloom and vague desolation loomed ahead. Through the endless idle hours he sat brooding, while Bates played upon his moods with a galling fire of small talk.

There came a day when Bates was proud of that winter and almost came to believe he had enjoyed it. And indeed perhaps he had, for Cahusac never wanted to talk. He gave Bates the run of his tongue for consecutive weeks and months, a licence that Bates used inexorably to the furthest limits of endurance. Yet, with a babblers' ineptitude, he did not once touch upon a name about which Cahusac ached to hear yet was too proud to ask.

Meantime the winter wore its weary course through in alternate fits of sullenness and raving. Occasionally an Arctic bear shuffled round the hut and was duly and scientifically slain by Cahusac. Otherwise the days slid by unmarked save by merging shades of grey and black.

At last, to the best of their belief, they stood upon the threshold of release. Fuel was running low, and Bates, rolled up in skins, lay on the floor, chatting vacuously and indefatigably as usual. Cahusac was nursing the fire with the settled gloom of a man whose tobacco had run out weeks ago. Yet the moment he had waited for was come upon him.

"He refused to marry the woman, they say, though she had a pot of money."

Bates's voice droned on in the dusk. "His family is a good one, you know, though they haven't sixpence to bless themselves with. He had a row with his father and put the old man's bristles up badly, and then disappeared somewhere in this part of the world, I think. Probably he's dead. By the by, did you ever hear of him?"

"Yes," put in Cahusac, at random.

"What?" Bates rolled over in his eagerness. "You heard of him—heard of Cahusac here? What luck! Imagine carrying home such news as this! Speak up, Johnny! This is awfully exciting. Where? When did you hear of Cahusac?"

The pelt-hunter woke up.

"Never heard of any man of the name here," he answered slowly.

"What rot! Why, you said you had at first. Think again."

"Never heard the name hereabouts," repeated Cahusac.

"Well, I'll tell you all about him, anyhow. He was a Brasenose man, and his people are pretty well liked up and down the country-side. I come from those parts myself."

"Are your people liked up and down the country side?"

The surprise of a question from his silent companion almost startled Bates.

"Oh! we're new to the neighbourhood," he replied dubiously; "and it's slow work in a county, you know."

"So I should suppose; but go on. Tell me about the Cahusacs."

The bellowing of the wind filled in the pauses of their conversation as Cahusac leaned forward to catch the words of the story that had come 6,000 miles to meet him. He was whimsically interested to hear the size to which scandal had swelled the original narrative.

Bates laughed.

"Geoff. Cahusac was an ass, you know. He crossed his governor, and the old man has an ugly side and showed it. The row was about a Miss Hulme—a chosen brute. I grant you—and at last the thing came to a point, and old Sir Geoffrey gave his son his choice—take the girl or kick out."

"And he kicked out?"

"Just so. Took a single journey ticket to Timbuctoo or somewhere." Bates laughed again.

"And the old man? Does he bear up under his loss?"

"Oh! Sir Geoffrey's going strong."

Cahusac kicked the fire together in the masterly fashion of long use. He was rather disappointed, perhaps. It was merely the old story, badly told.

"Don't make that row—I've not finished yet. The cream of it is yet to come. Young Cahusac had his interview with his governor on the Thursday night, and by the Friday morning he'd vanished. My brother George—I don't like George, but he's no fool—was stopping at the Hulmes' at the time, and that was how I came to know so much about it," chuckled Bates. "Well, as I said, he had vanished by the Friday, chucked away all his chances to escape from Miss Hulme! Lord, it makes me roar now."

"What makes you laugh?" enquired the pelt-hunter irritably. "I haven't heard anything much worth a laugh yet."

"Cahusac fled the country because he was so cocksure the woman would tumble to him if he only looked at her."

"How do you know she wouldn't?" Cahusac said savagely.

"Because, Johnny, she'd accepted George on the Wednesday. What do you think of that? Funny, wasn't it?"

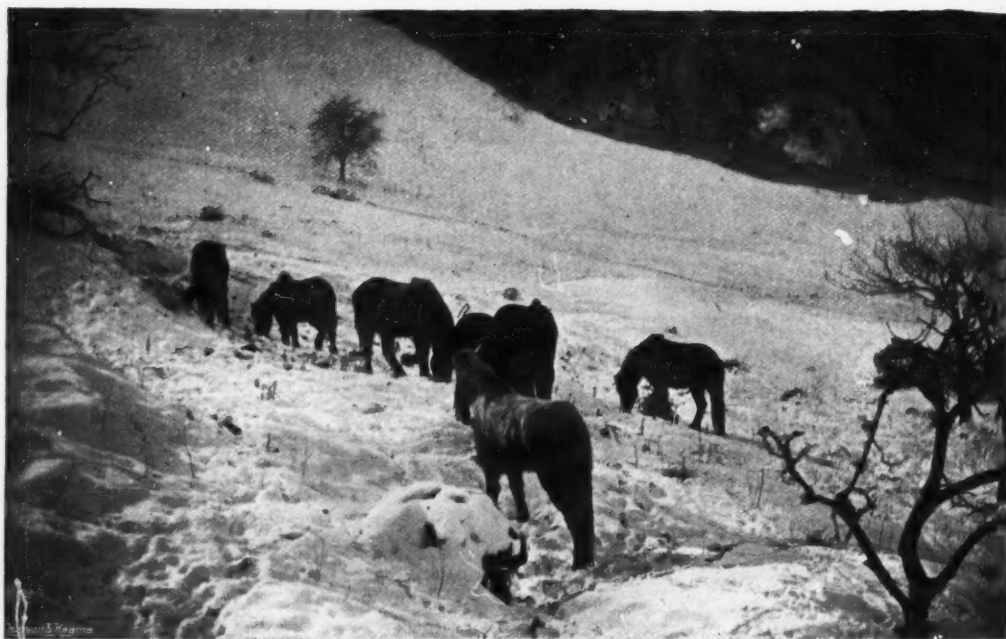
"Very funny," agreed the pelt-hunter, from the darkness. "Funniest thing I ever heard in my life. Ha, ha, ha!"

When spring came and was changing into summer Cahusac guided Bates down to the trading posts and spent the evening bargaining closely over the pelts he had brought with him. Next day when Bates awoke and stepped out into the morning he became aware of a dot growing smaller in the far distance. It was the nameless "Johnny," seeking once more to lose himself in the primeval wilderness. Bates's chief sorrow was that "Johnny" had not waited for his tip.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

THE little girl had never seen the snow before—never, at least, with eyes that kept any recollection of it—for the two previous winters had been mild in the West Country, and all that had happened before that, in the course of her little life, was dim and dark to her. A few flakes had come floating down in the other winters, but had never lain on the ground so as to make it at all like the pictures on the Christmas cards. The snow was something very white, she knew, for her mother had told her so; so white that it would make the coat of old Joker, the white pony that had been her playmate ever since she could remember anything, look dirty and yellow beside it. It was hard to realise this, but she tried to imagine it.

The little girl, with her father and mother, lived in a small farm and holding on the borders of a big common and moor, where the father kept a few sheep, and cut litter of heather and bracken for their three cows—they sold a good deal of butter in the summer—and peat that they burned on the winter fire. And they had Joker to haul the litter and fuel in and to do all the work of the small farm of four acres—haymaking, ploughing an acre or so, and so on.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

PONIES ON THE SNOWY MOORLAND.

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One morning the little girl awoke to find a queer light coming into the room. It was brighter than usual. And when her mother told her to look out of the window, she cried out, half-afraid, for all the world seemed wrapped up in a white sheet, silent and glistening. She was looking on the snow at last. Over-night there had been no sign of it; but about her

bedtime it had begun to fall, and noiselessly all through the night had kept falling, until everything was covered several inches deep in snow. Almost the first thought that came to her was the wish to see Joker and wonder how he would look in the midst of it. Joker, as it happened, was running out with the ponies on the hill. Her father said he would go for him after breakfast, for he was too old to lie out in the snow with the other moor ponies, who were accustomed to be out in all sorts of weather and had coats like woolly bears on them. Joker generally lived in one of the fields, but pasture was scarce and he had been turned out on the moor, and the snow had come quite unexpectedly.

The father came in at dinner-time, stamping the snow off his boots. He had seen the little herd of PONIES ON THE SNOWY MOORLAND, but Joker had not been among them. He was very sure of



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AT THE FARMYARD GATE.

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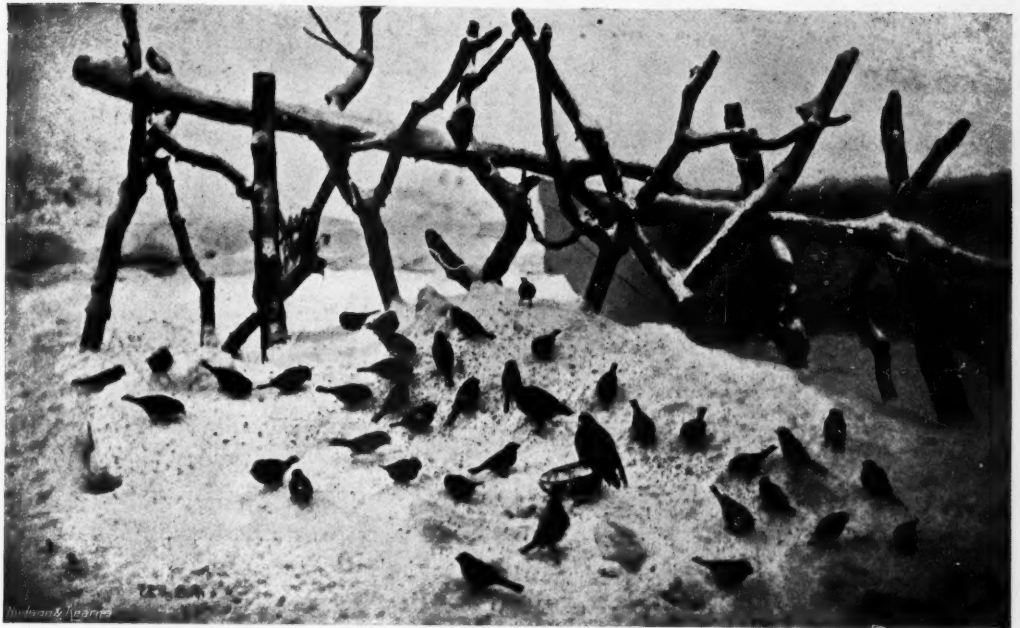
that, for Joker's white, or relatively white, colour made him easy to distinguish amongst them. He had looked all about, but could find no signs of him. "'Tis all right though, Lucy, you be sure," he said to the little girl, in whose eyes the tears began to rise when she heard that Joker was still out in all the cold and snow. "'E'll found a comfortable home for hisself some place, for certain."

So Lucy tried to be comforted, though she was sure that Joker must be feeling very cold. In the afternoon her mother went out to gather some sticks (for their stock of firewood was low, and no one could tell that the snow might not come on more heavily, so that they might not be able to get about), and took Lucy with her. The world all looked very strange, very silent and white. The farm things took on all kinds of queer shapes, and there was a plain likeness to a dragon in the part of the plough that stuck up above the snow. Even Shep, the wise old sheepdog, looked back at it apprehensively and growled as they came in AT THE FARMYARD GATE. The little girl thought of it often again at night.

But most of all she thought of poor old Joker, for her father had come in to tea, and still had seen nothing of the old pony. It was quite clear that even he was uneasy now as to what might have happened. The snow had fallen steadily and straight, with no wind to carry it into dangerous drifts; but still, Joker was a very old fellow, and rather stiff, so that what another and younger pony might have taken no notice of might be really dangerous for him. Lucy awoke the next morning with a sense that something was wrong. For the moment she forgot what it was, and then she remembered "poor old Joker!"

No, he had not come back yet, her mother said in answer to her questions. "'E'll come back, I'll warrant, all right. Don't you be down-hearted about un."

Then they put out some CRUMBS FOR THE BIRDS, who came down in quite a little crowd under the rustic garden fence. Only a little more snow had fallen during the night, and everything looked just the same. There was little to be done that day on the farm, so after breakfast, when the cows had been given a good supply of hay and a mangold or two, the father went out again to see if he could find old Joker. He took his



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CRUMBS FOR THE BIRDS.

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gun with him, for here they were far away from any preserved land, and the lord of the manor was not particular about one of the farmers or squatters shooting a rabbit here and there. There was little else to shoot; an occasional blackcock or grey hen might by chance be seen, but the chances were few and far between, and a red deer stag or hind was the only other likely quarry, and these were always to be held sacred and reserved for the coming of the Devon and Somerset Stag hounds.

The father came in late for dinner, with a rabbit bulging out of the big pocket of his coat, but still he had seen nothing of Joker. And now he no longer pretended that he felt no anxiety about the white pony's fate. Before Lucy he and his wife said nothing, or spoke lightly enough, about it, but the little girl overheard them, when they thought she was not listening, talking in low tones about him, and was filled with trouble and sorrow. That night she cried herself to sleep, and in her dreams her thoughts were of Joker, and she fancied that he came up to her bedside, looking even whiter and brighter than the snow itself, and poked into her hand his pink nose, as he was in the habit of doing, to see whether she had a scrap of bread or sugar or anything for him.

On the third day of the snow the father came in at dinner-time with a very sad face, and to the little girl's eager question he answered, "Ees faith, I've found un, little un."

"And be he all right?"

"Ees," he said. "Reckon 'e be all right. 'E be gone where the good ponies go."

And at that the little girl cried as if her heart would break, for she knew that Joker was dead and she would never see him again. Her father took her on his knee and put his arm about her, while he told the mother how he had passed by AN OLD RUINED COTTAGE that they all knew well, where the woodland began, far over the moorland, and there the fancy had taken him to look within the walls. In the corner, before the ingle where the fire used to be, as if he had a thought to warm himself by the ashes that had given no warmth for many a year, the old pony lay quite dead.

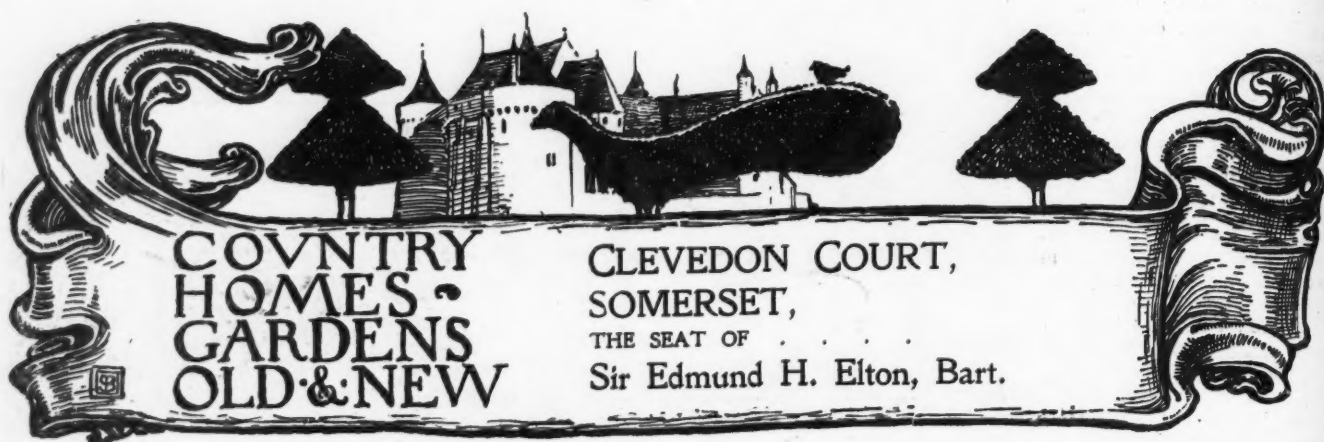
When the snow went away they buried him outside the cottage walls, and on the grave they helped the little girl to plant a mountain ash tree—the tree that has the bright red berries—and they call it "Joker's Tree" to this day.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A RUINED COTTAGE.

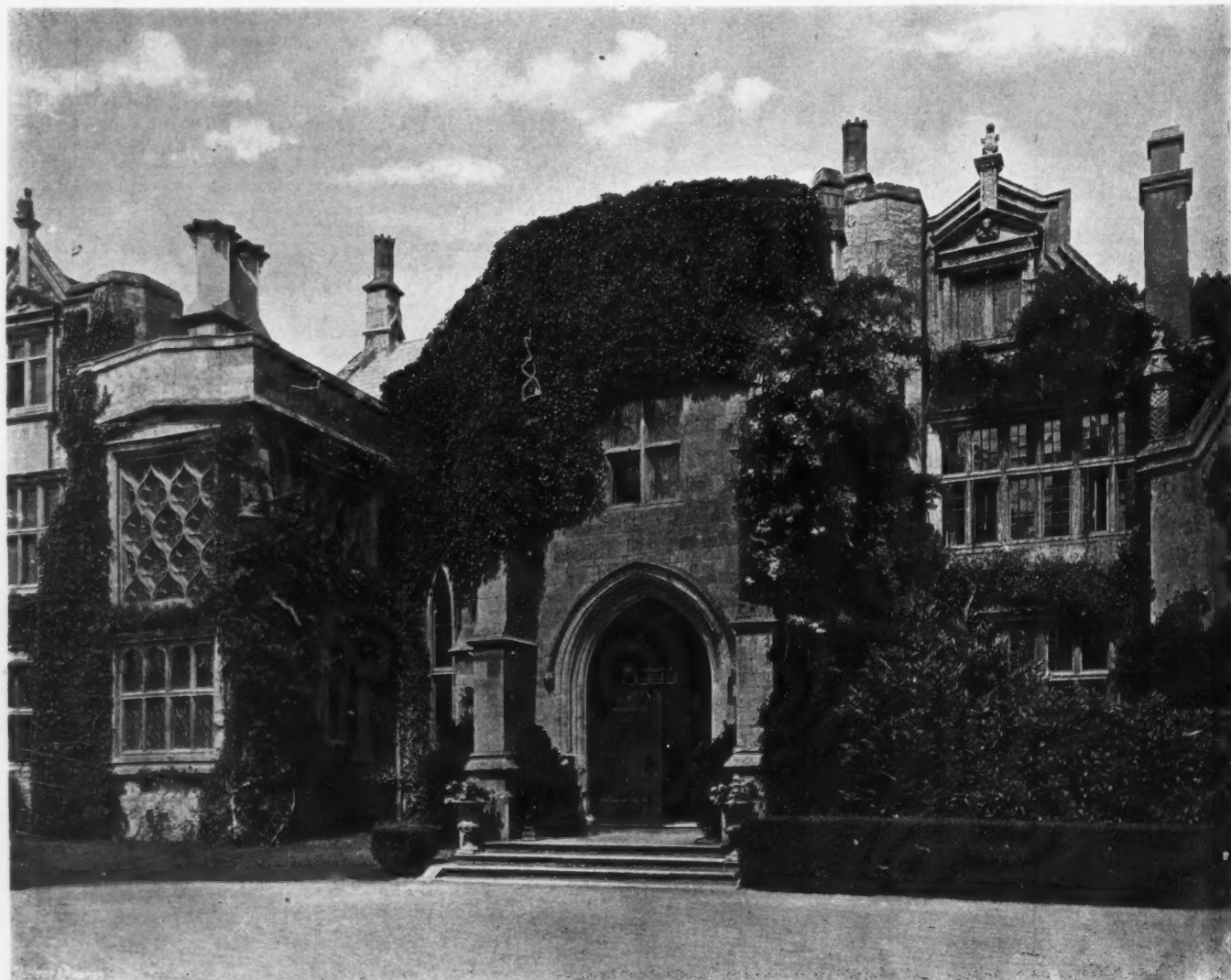
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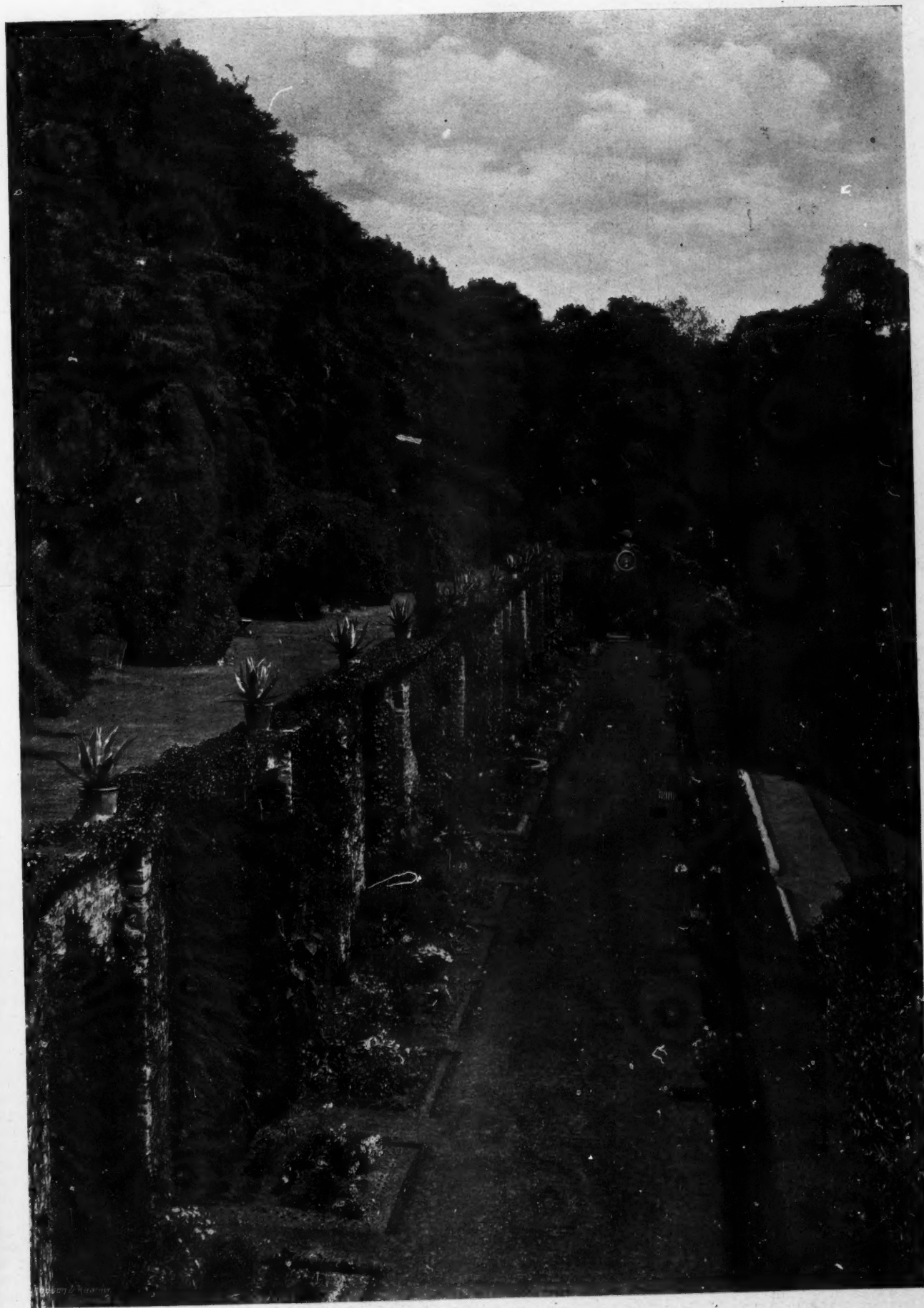


THE beautiful land of Somerset, by the "Severn Sea," has many a noble home and radiant garden within its spacious bounds. Hill and hollow, wood and meadow, the tangled brake and the heathery moor, the orchard richly fruited, and the green corn yellowing for the sickle all the summer long, villages nestling in the hollows with thatched roofs, gay in the estival days, warm within when the winter winds blow, the lanes where the roses hang overhead from the hedges, the tall elms and beeches full in their leafage, or bare but beautiful when October has blown—this is the Somersetshire land. And that part of the county which is near the Severn has charms quite its own, as you may see from the pictures of Clevedon Court. Lying along the great estuary, Somersetshire looks—sometimes indeed from sandy flats, but far more often from swelling hills—across to distant Wales; and there is much of hill at Clevedon Court, which has developed a garden, shaped as we see.

The house is a wonderful architectural pile in this green and glorious setting. Here are parts of a mansion that stood in

Edwardian days, when the warder kept watch at the heavily buttressed portcullised door, and, grafted upon them, the most beautiful features of Tudor and Jacobean times. There exist still the winding stairways by which the watchman ascended to the outlook towers, the chapel in which olden worshippers knelt, the rooms where gentlemen in doublet and hose and ladies in ruff and farthingale dwelt. A place about which romance seems to linger and that fancy may people with many fair imaginings. Clevedon Court is a notable house even in a county that contains such splendid and interesting places as Montacute, Dunster, Brympton, and Venn House, to name no more of the many mansions of Somerset, not a few of which have been depicted and described in these pages. Fire dealt unkindly with the west front of Clevedon Court in 1882, when the Elizabethan library, with its fireplace carved with the arms and badges of the Wakes, was burned; but tasteful hands have made all good again, and Nature has lent her aid, so that now the fine old place is vested with luxuriant creepers, myrtles climbing almost to the gables, and thickly blossoming magnolias and fragrant





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THE BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

roses adorning the walls. It is garlanded, indeed, just as such places should be—beautified, but not concealed.

The Wakes, who were the ancient possessors of Clevedon, parted with it to the Digbys, Earls of Bristol, who again sold it to the family of the present possessor in 1709. Sir Charles Elton, the sixth Baronet, so well described the place in his poem, entitled "The Two Brothers," published in 1830, that some part of it may appropriately be quoted:

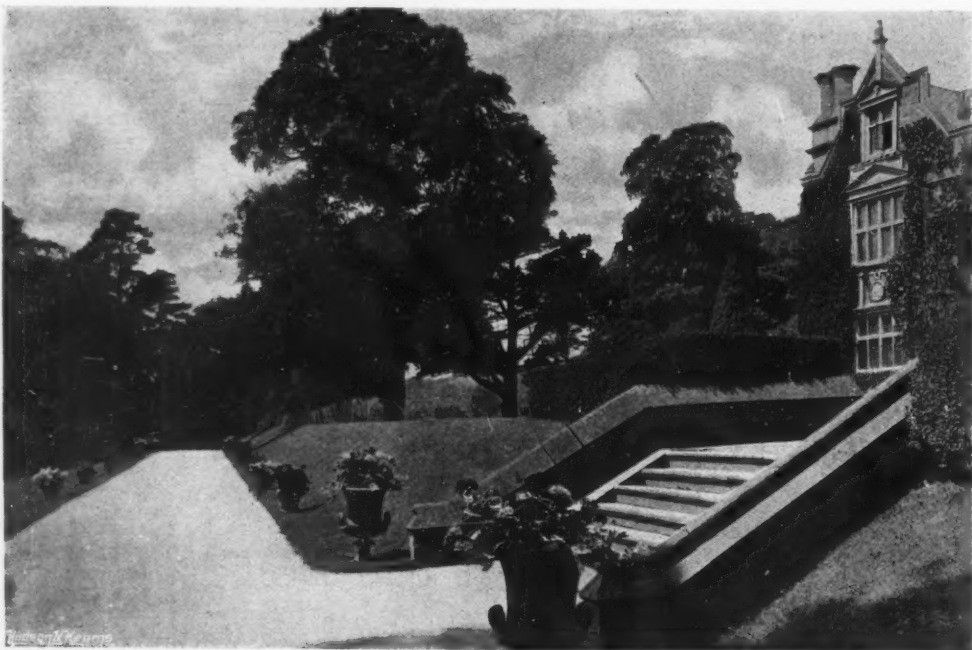
"I stood upon a lawn whose greensward spread
Smooth-levelled by the scythe; two mulberry trees
Beyond it stretched! their old and foliaged arms;
Th' acacia quiver'd in the wind: the thick
And deep-leaved laurel darken'd the recess
Of massive buttresses; the mansion's walls,
Grey in antiquity, were tapestried o'er
With the fig's downy leaves, and roses climb'd
Clustering around the casement's gothic panes.

With terraces and verdant slopes, where pines
Arch'd their plumed boughs, and fruits espalier-trained
Were mix'd with myrtles and with arbute-trees,
The scene behind look'd sylvan: higher rose
The bounding hill, whose turfy paths were track'd
Up the bare herbage, gnarled with scatter'd crags
And topt with straggling fir, or chestnut broad;
A sweet, yet solemn landscape, for it spoke
Of sacred home."

It was the poet's successor, Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, who did much to make the place more beautiful by judiciously laying out the grounds and planting trees on the hills. In his time Tennyson, Hallam, and Thackeray were frequent visitors at Clevedon Court. Old friendship existed between the Eltons and the Hallams, and Henry Hallam, the historian, had married Sir Charles Elton's sister. It will be remembered how Tennyson refers to the Hallams' burial-place in the churchyard at Clevedon.

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."

The hand of taste, inspired by the love of the beautiful, has ruled the adornment and maintenance of Clevedon Court. The present Baronet has long been keenly interested in arts that are domestic. As an amateur he turned his attention to the development of an artistic pottery, known as the "Eltor Ware," and the kilns and workshops were built picturesquely upon his estate. He produced a very hard paste and glazes, and turned out works which, in form and colour, won admiration as truly artistic in the best sense of the word. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse said in the *Magazine of Art* that he arrived at more than one colour that would be difficult to match. It is the West Country of Somerset and Devon chiefly that has developed those charming characters of pottery that do so much to adorn our homes, and that are familiar when we find them in flower-vases, or in vessels adorned



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THE SOUTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.- CLEVEDON COURT: THE SUMMER-HOUSE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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with the tokens and expressions of plenteous hospitality. There is much in the suitability of a receptacle to hold flowers, and many a lady who delights in the artistic beauty of her rooms knows well how the rich but mellow colours and the quaint forms of West Country pottery conduce to quiet harmony of effect. In such hands as those of Sir Edmund Elton a house and garden could not but grow more beautiful.

Now, the chief charm of Clevedon Court is in the terraced character of the garden. The configuration of the land dictated the special form, and we may go far indeed before we find terraces so beautiful as these. There are terraces both above and below, for the house stands in the midst of the steep slope, and the effect is doubly charming. The artistic merits of a terrace have been disputed by some gardeners, but they cannot be gainsaid when they are displayed in such a situation and manner as we discover here. It will not be inappropriate to quote what Mr. Blomfield and Mr. Thomas say in defence of terraces in their volume, "The Formal Garden in England": "The terrace is admitted, even by the landscapist, to be desirable near the house. In the first place it presents to the eye a solid foundation for the house to start from, and gives the house itself greater importance by raising it above the level of the adjacent grounds, and again it is healthier. There is something uncomfortable in the idea of a house placed flat on the ground or down in a hole. It need not be necessarily damp, but one always imagines that it will, and that the timber will



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THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

decay and the plaster moulder, and rats run over the floor; but when the house starts from a terrace it at least looks dry and the house enables you to see the garden."

But Clevedon Court is neither flat on the ground nor down in a hole, and the terraces which have grown out of this condition are distinguished by the special character and are the glory of the place. Mossy walls support them. They combine luxuriant richness in plant and flower life, adorning the grass and garlanding the walls, with the trimness of well-clipped hedges and smooth-



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"THE PRETTY GARDEN."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CLEVEDON COURT: THE FIRST TERRACE.

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A FLOWER BORDER.

shaven lawns. The truth of the matter is that a garden must be appropriate, not only to the house, but to the situation. What is suitable on the crest or the slope of a hill might be altogether out of place on a flat, though even in such conditions it would be easy to point out low terraces that are a success. Generally speaking, however, it is true to say that a terrace cannot be a triumph unless there be the initial advantage of a slope. But the character of terraces also varies very much. These at Clevedon have little in common with the romantic terrace at Haddon, but are just as beautiful. Where we cannot go wrong is in adorning our terrace with green turf, a multitude of flowers, and sometimes with the shadowing of trees, with walls never bare, and parapets and balustrades touched with the greens of mosses.

To linger on the terraces at Clevedon Court, looking out over the house and the landscape, is a true delight, and no place could be more attractive for a quiet game of bowls. When a pastime can be enshrined in such scenes as these we cannot wonder at its new popularity. It was a famous diversion in the old times, and there were various kinds of greens for special kinds of play. We have illustrated several long greens in the nature of alleys, as at Drayton House and Bramshill;

but many greens were square, with a terrace or raised walk round them. At Badminton this walk was on two sides, while a raised alley for skittles was on the third. Other greens, like that which was at Hampton Court, were oval or circular in form, and, as at Cashibury, were surrounded by belts of trees withdrawn from the house.

As our pictures reveal, Clevedon Court is a leafy place, with masses of foliage garlanding everything with richness, but flowers are also abundant, and contrast their splendour with the dark hues of conifers and evergreens. Arches of roses perfume the air as we walk along, vases of fragrant flowers flank the pathway, and tall yews cast their shadows over the greenest of turf. Light and shadow are here singularly effective in their charm of variety. There is a certain formality in the character of the garden below the terraces, but it is rich in colour and brilliant in its charm. The glow of colour is a chief attraction in the garden, which besides is full of interest. How excellent, for example, is the effect of tubs of agapanthus, lending their rare and brilliant hue. But to describe further what is so well depicted is unnecessary here. Clevedon Court, in the general character of its terraces, is scarcely excelled in England, and there are few places more beautiful than this delightful country home.



FROM TERRACE TO TERRACE.

HOW BRAITHWAITE GOT HIS D.S.O.

A STORY OF THE LAST BURMESE WAR.

ONE morning Reginald Braithwaite sauntered into the mess. He had just come in after a long and hard morning's work training the mounted infantry detachment which he commanded. Hot, dusty, and tired, he flung himself into one of the long easy chairs in the verandah, while the servant went to get him a whiskey and soda. All the others had gone to their respective quarters, for the sun was getting up. Outside all Nature panted under the fierce rays of the morning sun, dust and glare lay on everything; the barrack-square stretched out before him, brown, parched, and empty, and the long white road wound away in the distance in the quivering haze. Braithwaite lay back in his chair, with his dusty feet propped up on either side, sipping his drink and wishing the orders would arrive for them to start for the front, where there was work to be done and plenty of it, instead of kicking his heels in Rangoon while the other fellows were having all the fun. There was a sound of footsteps and the clank of a scabbard against the wooden steps which led up to the verandah, and the adjutant appeared, looking very red and hot.

"Morning, Braithwaite!" he said, in a loud, cheery voice,

"I have just come over from your bungalow—thought I should find you here. Of course you've heard the news?"

"News; what news?" exclaimed Braithwaite. "You don't mean to say that the orders have come at last and we're to move!"

"No, worse luck, I wish we were; but you are to. You are to proceed at once to Mandalay and report yourself to the D.A.A.G. there. They are a bit short-handed, and you know the language, which is a pull, you know."

"When do I start, old man?" he asked, gleefully.

"You leave by to-night's train for Thayetmyo, and take the boat from there. I will send all the papers round to you."

It did not take long for the news to get round, and when Braithwaite droye to the station there was quite a gathering of his own brother officers, and those of other regiments besides, waiting to give him a send-off, for he was a popular man. "Good-bye, good luck, old man; mind you come back with a whole skin," they shouted, as the train slowly steamed out of the station, leaving the group on the platform gazing regretfully after it.

Soon after his arrival at Mandalay, Braithwaite was

dining at the staff mess in the palace. He was to leave on the following morning for Shwebo, and fortunately for him there was a man dining there also, a Major Broome, who was hobbling about on crutches, the effect of some slugs which had carried off a portion of one of his feet. Broome had just come down from Shwebo; he was giving some of his experiences, and Braithwaite listened eagerly to pick up any "wrinkles" which might afterwards be of service. "The worst of it is, you can't get at 'em," the Major was saying. "They collect together, and directly you get news of their whereabouts it is 'saddle up sharp' and away you go—a night march to get on to them before daybreak. You suddenly come upon them in dense jungle—they seem to be everywhere—in front, first one flank, then the other; then they attack you in the rear—shooting, shooting at you from every conceivable point. Mind you, all this time you never see a man. Then you form up and deliver your attack; they vanish into thin smoke, and the only trace left behind is a few wretched shanties and 'lean-tos' under which they slept the previous night—that is all. Their intelligence department is marvellous; they know of your movements almost before you know them yourself, while ours"—and he spread out his hands with a gesture of despair—"Heaven only knows how they manage it; personally, I believe the interpreters have something to do with it."

"The interpreters?" echoed Braithwaite.

"You see, it's like this," continued the Major, "we are continually at their mercy—it is they who really run the show. Very few of us know anything of the language, and when the spies come in with the information and are questioned, the interpreter can ask what questions and return what answers he dashed well pleases, and no one a bit the wiser. We are absolutely in the hands of these beggars, and what's more, they know it. Do you speak the language?" he asked, suddenly turning to Braithwaite.

"Oh, yes!" replied the latter. "I understand it perfectly."

"Then take my tip," said the Major, impressively, "don't let a soul know—whatever it is, for these things leak out—that you know a word of Burmese, and you'll be able to see for yourself—it may stand you in good stead."

"Thank you, sir," said Braithwaite; "I will."

After three days' monotonous travelling on one of the flat-bottomed steamboats, Braithwaite arrived at the landing-stage and found a mounted escort waiting to accompany him to Shwebo, a large stockaded post consisting of numerous small thatched huts made of bamboos, surrounded by heavy earthworks, behind which a chain of sentries paced constantly up and down.

"I'm glad you've come," said the General, genially; "we're dreadfully handicapped for want of officers; you see we have to split our forces up, and to have detachments scattered about all over the place. But we will keep you here a week, so that you can shake down and get the lie of things."

That night, just before turning in, Braithwaite noticed a red glow in the sky in the direction of a range of hills away in the

distance, and while he was watching it another appeared to the right. "That looks like a big fire over there, sir," he said to the General, who at that moment sauntered up.

"Yes," replied the General, casually, "they're at their old tricks again. I can't do anything; I haven't enough men; but Williamson's out in that direction, and he may be able to come up with them in time."

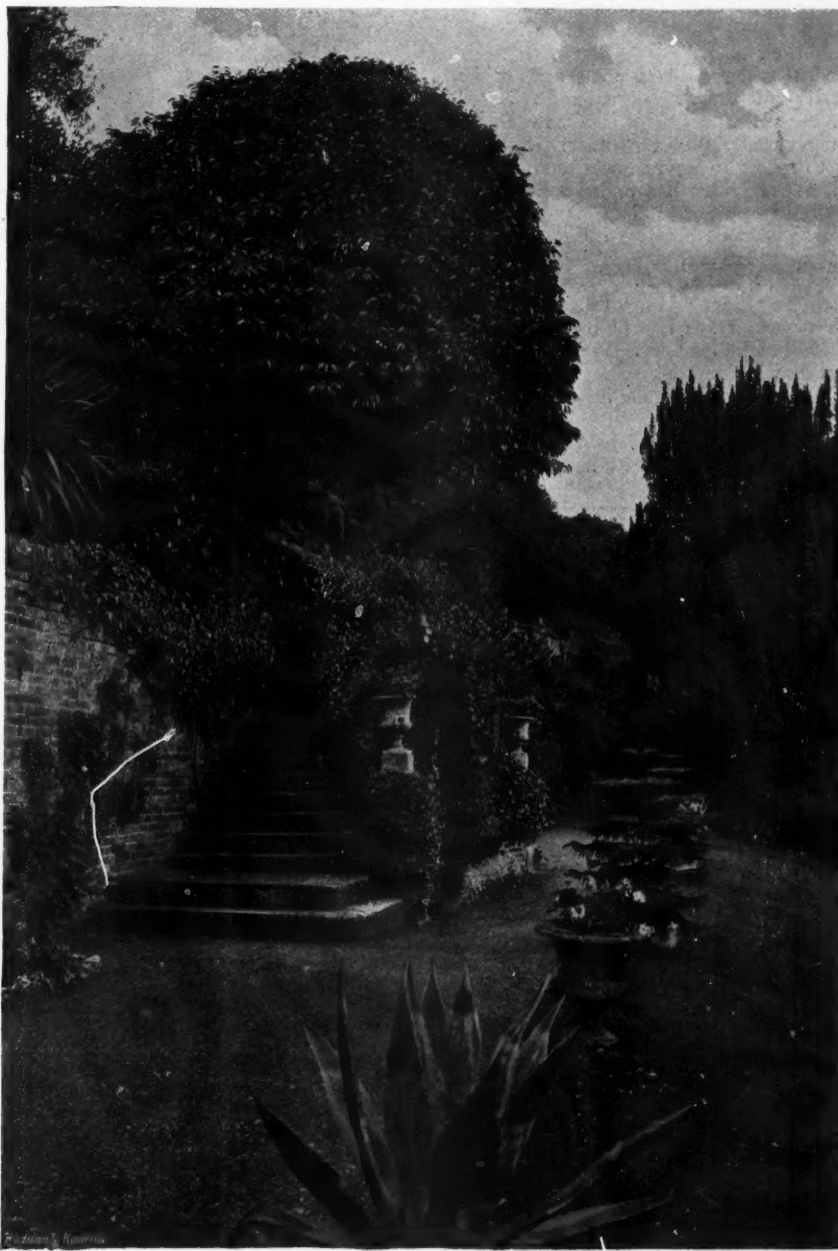
On the following morning the General sent for Braithwaite. "I wanted to keep you here a few days," he said, "but I'm sorry to say that news has just come in that poor Nugent has been badly hit, and you must relieve him and take charge of the post. It is about thirty miles from here, and the escort will be ready for you in a couple of hours' time. It is the favourite haunt of Boh Nga Thone, the noted Dacoit leader. You must have heard of him even down country, for he is a perfect demon, and has a price of Rs.5,000 on his head. We tried to get hold of him in

every possible way, and when the reinforcements which I have sent for arrive I will have him by hook or crook. I am certain he is at the bottom of Nugent's business, which is another score to be settled against him. You will need an interpreter, of course," he continued, and Braithwaite nodded. "You must keep Nugent—you will find him invaluable." Two hours later Braithwaite cantered along the jungle path, with his escort clattering behind him.

The "Post," or small stockaded fort, stood at the foot of a range of steep hills covered with immense trees. It was surrounded by dense bamboo jungle, which had been cleared away all round for a distance of 200yds. or 300yds. The stockade itself was constructed of heavy beams, banked up with earth and surrounded by a V-shaped ditch, beyond which the ground was covered with sharp panjis, or toughened bamboo spikes. The interior consisted of a dozen bamboo huts, built on piles, with the usual grass roofs. The only entrance was a broad gate made of heavy teak beams, at which a guard was always stationed; a watch-tower at each corner rose some 6ft., above the stockade, inside which stood

sentries day and night, for when Boh Nga Thone was on the warpath it behoved one to be vigilant and prepared for any emergency. A few nights before he had suddenly "rushed" the fort, but had been beaten off by the little garrison commanded by Nugent, who was now lying in one of the huts with a bullet through him.

Night had fallen, and deep stillness pervaded everything, only broken by the periodical "all's well" from the sentries round the fort, and the distant sharp cry of some wild beast on his nightly prowling in the silent jungle stretching away to the hills beyond. Inside one of the huts sat Braithwaite in his rolled-up shirt sleeves, khaki riding breeches, and putties, taking notes at a small camp table which stood in the centre of the room; his chair consisted of an inverted packing-case. The solitary hurricane lamp on the table cast a dismal light on the surroundings, on the rough mats of bamboos which served as walls,



THE ASCENT TO THE TERRACES AT CLEVEDON COURT.

the boxes of ammunition piled up in one of the corners, the Wolseley valise stretched out on the floor; it glinted on the bright steel hilt of his sword in its brown scabbard, the "Sam Browne" belt which hung from a nail on one of the beams supporting the roof, and on the shining barrel of the "Webley" which lay near at hand on the table. By his side stood Moungh Bah Oon, the interpreter, in a spotless white jacket and gay silk lungi, with a bright-coloured head covering. Crouching on the floor with his face almost touching the ground, his brown tattooed back showing like a dark patch on the floor, was an envoy extraordinary who had arrived shortly before with a message from his chief, Boh Nga Thone, the great Dacoit leader.

"Well," said Braithwaite, glancing up at the interpreter, "what does he say?"

"He says that Boh Nga Thone would like to come in and surrender, and that he will send in one of his Bohs to discuss terms, provided you promise him a safe conduct."

"Tell him," said Braithwaite, "that the Government does not make terms. He must surrender unconditionally with his men, and they must bring in their arms."

The interpreter turned to the prostrate man and spoke rapidly, "If the Boh had only waited for the signal and followed my advice all would have been well; now there is a new officer in command, and he is much stricter than the other. He has given orders that no one is to speak to anyone who comes into the fort before he sees him, so everything has to be done before him; and although he is quite ignorant of the language, it makes it more difficult. Tell the Boh he must arrange differently next time. The three thousand rupees are still here, and are in some of those boxes in the corner."

"You are right," replied the other; "I will tell him, but he says he must see the inside of the fort, as it will be dark when he makes the attack, and it will make it easier. He will pretend to send one of his Bohs, but he will come himself."

"Does he understand?" Braithwaite broke in.

"I think so, thakin," replied the interpreter; "but he says that he would like to send in one of his Bohs to talk over matters with your honour." Moungh Bah Oon had served as interpreter in the law courts down country.

"Tell him that he can send in a Boh to-morrow morning, and that he must only bring three men with him; I will promise him a safe conduct, but the orders of the Government are unconditional surrender. Now he can go." The man shikooed and arose. "Wait," said Braithwaite, and he shouted out, "Orderly!" A man appeared. "Take this fellow to the gate and see him out. No one is to hold any communication with him."

"Very good, sir," replied the man, saluting. "Come along, you spawn of the devil!" and the three left the room.

"Thank you for your tip, Major," Braithwaite said to himself when they were gone. "What a sweet thing he is," he added, apostrophising the interpreter.

On the following morning Braithwaite could hardly contain his impatience as he waited for the arrival of the Dacoit deputation. That there was some big plot on he had no doubt whatsoever, and he wanted to get to the bottom of it; besides, he wished to see this famous Dacoit leader of whom he had heard so much. At last he was rewarded by seeing four men emerge from a jungle path and come across to the stockade. He gave orders at once to have them brought to his room, and went there to await them. Soon they were escorted in by two of the guard, with fixed bayonets, accompanied by the interpreter. One of the four came forward from the others and prostrated himself, the remainder following his example. The leader was a villainous-looking brute of enormous build, quite unusual in a Burman, and his malignant-looking face was not improved by a deep scar seared across it. "So you are the great Boh Nga Thone," thought Braithwaite. "I think I shall know you when I see you again, my friend"; then he added aloud to the interpreter, "Repeat to him what I told the man last night, and ask what they have to say."

"He says," began the interpreter, "the usual thing. But the time is short. Listen. This time do what I tell you exactly, or you lose everything, as you did before. I have planned it all. When the moon rises over the top of the hills it will be two hours to daybreak. Be waiting in the jungle, and when all is ready I will quietly remove the bar and open the gate. I myself will kill the sentry on the gate, so there will be no disturbance. When it is open, rush in; they will be quite unprepared; most of the men live in the big shed facing this house; you will catch them when they sleep. And remember you have sworn, half the money in the boxes is mine. I will pretend to escape and will help you again."

"I have sworn you shall have the money, and you know I will not lie to you," replied the other. "I will be waiting, and will do as you say; but beware of treachery, for I will have your head though I wait years for it."

"You need have no fear," replied the interpreter.

"Have you finished?" said Braithwaite, quietly; his fingers were itching to grasp the revolver lying in front of him and shoot the treacherous, cold-blooded hound. "Has he decided to come in?"

"He says he must go back to Boh Nga Thone, your honour, and tell him what you say, and bring the answer to-morrow."

This was quite sufficient for Braithwaite's purpose, so he dismissed them. For fully an hour after they had gone he paced up and down the room maturing his plans, then he sent for the corporal of the guard. "Corporal," he said, on the latter's appearance, "are there any handcuffs in the fort?"

"Yes, sir, three or four pairs in the guard-room."

"Good," said Braithwaite; "where is the interpreter?"

"I think he is in his room, sir; I will go and see."

"Yes, do, and don't let him know you are looking for him, and come back and let me know." The corporal returned shortly, and reported that Moungh Bah Oon was in his hut "a-cleanin' hisself." "Very good," said Braithwaite; "bring a file of the guards here and also a pair of handcuffs, then go and give my compliments to Moungh Bah Oon and say I wish to speak to him. You come with him. As soon as he gets inside the door seize him, throw him down, and slip the handcuffs on. I notice he always wears his revolver, so you must be quick with him." The corporal departed on his errand wondering what had happened, but delighted, nevertheless. Presently he returned with a file of the guard, which he stationed on each side of the door, and went to fetch the interpreter.

Moungh Bah Oon came jauntily up the steps leading to Braithwaite's room, closely followed by the corporal. He, too, had been maturing his plans, and could not see a flaw anywhere; the 1,500 rupees were practically his, and on the morrow he would no longer be at the beck and call of any arrogant officer. He fancied himself back at Moulmein, where he was brought up. How he would make the money fly! Suddenly he found himself seized and flung to the ground, with two men on the top of him, and a third endeavouring to reach him somewhere.

He was as agile as a cat, and struggled like a madman; but it was quite useless, for in less than a minute he was standing handcuffed, with his revolver lying on the floor in the corner of the room. He was pale and trembling as he stood before Braithwaite, who had not moved from his seat.

"Now, Moungh Bah Oon," said Braithwaite, "you thought to have the money over there and share it with your friends by having all our throats cut. You will wonder how I found out, and you shall have the satisfaction of knowing." Then he continued in Burmese, repeating the whole plot. When the interpreter heard him, he collapsed, and begged for mercy. "Now," said Braithwaite, again speaking in English, "listen to the orders I am going to give. You will be taken to your room, and have two men guarding you. If you attempt to move, or speak, they have orders to kill you instantly. Do you understand, corporal?" he added, turning to the latter. "Take him away now, and strap up his ankles," and Moungh Bah Oon was led away to his room to wait the turn of events.

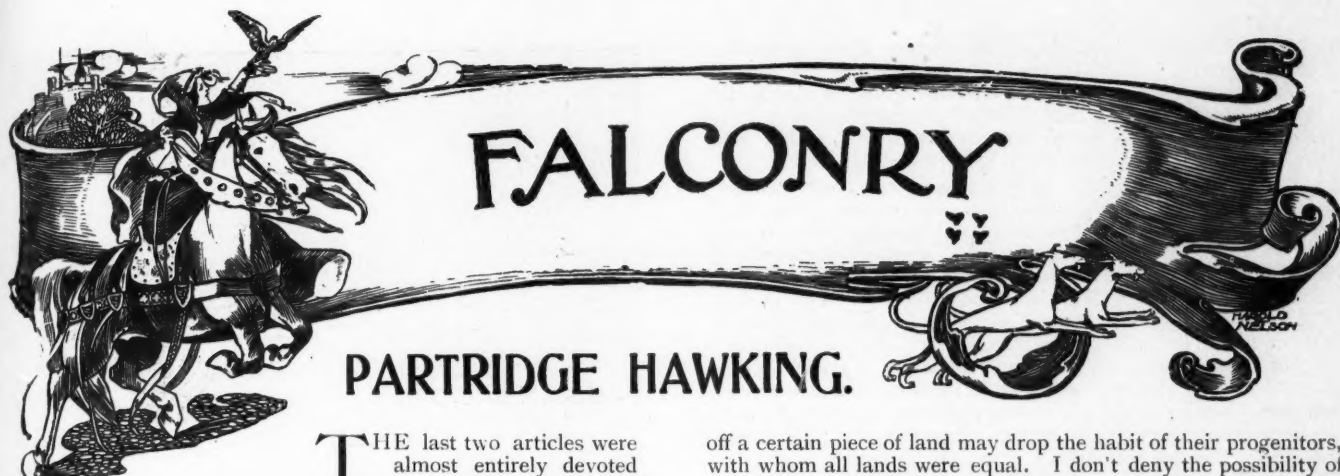
The guard at the door was ready, and the garrison under arms. There was a deathly silence; it wanted about two hours to daybreak, and a faint moon hung over the hilltops. Braithwaite was giving his last orders in a low tone, "Don't forget, men," he concluded, "he is an enormous man with a big scar on his face."

Slowly and silently the gate swung open, then a large body of some two or three hundred men dashed across the open space; with a terrific yell the foremost poured in. In an instant the gates closed behind them. A rattle of musketry, and a stream of fire ran along the sides of the stockade, and a hail of bullets crashed into the men trying to get in; backwards and forwards they swayed, as the din rose higher and higher; at last they broke and fled back to the jungle. Inside a fierce hand-to-hand struggle was taking place; the Dacoits knew that their retreat was cut off, and they were fighting with ropes round their necks. In the uncertain light it was difficult to distinguish between friend and foe. Shooting was dangerous at such close quarters, and it was necessary to keep the enemy hemmed in as close to the gate as possible. It resolved itself into a fight of bayonet *v.* dah. The shouts and oaths of the combatants rose above the din of the firing. One man towering above the others fought like a tiger, doing tremendous execution with an enormous dah, cutting one man almost to the waist. Braithwaite, carried this way and that by the surging knot of men, noticed him and tried to get at him; for a second they were face to face; the man raised his dah, there was a flash, and the Dacoit dropped with a bullet through his brain.

When it was over, Braithwaite, who was sweating and trembling all over with excitement, called for a lantern. One was speedily brought, and in its flickering light lay the body of the huge Dacoit leader. He was lying across two other men, with a great scar across his face. "Men, this is Boh Nga Thone," cried Braithwaite, "and there is a Government reward of five thousand rupees on his head. This shall be distributed amongst the garrison, irrespective of rank. Thank you all for sticking to me so well."

When the dawn crept up it showed the bodies of the dead and dying heaped together round the gate. Moungh Bah Oon is spending the remainder of his existence in the Andaman Islands, and Captain, now Major, Braithwaite wears the D.S.O.

ZORIN BLAIR.



THE last two articles were almost entirely devoted to grouse hawking, and probably enough has been written about it. If I should refer to it again it will be only as a matter spoken of by the way; certainly it will not be given in the shape of a set treatise. A good deal, however, may be said about game hawking generally; partridges and pheasants are at least before us.

"Game hawking! Yes, I know. Hawks 'waiting 'on,' as they call it, over my preserves! Why, it would frighten every partridge from the place!" Thus the squire, who has indeed heard of this detestable thing, but has never seen it. But falconers are honest men after all, and they will, every one of them—for they have no disputes on this matter—tell the squire that long and universal experience has taught them that even the daily presence of hawks over heather or stubble does not drive a single bird from the land. How do we know that? Simply because the land on which we hawk is as full of birds as that on which we shoot, or on which we both shoot and hawk.



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CASTING A FALCON AT PARTRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

I once, in Somersetshire, very many years ago, killed with a tiercel nearly the whole of a good-sized covey of partridges, taking only one partridge daily, and finding the birds in the same field day after day. Game birds must have absolutely inherited the feeling that to shift their ground because hawks fly over it is utterly useless. Their very great-grandparents, who lived long before the appearance of the grouse disease, and therefore before the persecution of the peregrine, were in the habit of seeing hawks fly over them every week, almost every day perhaps. One piece of ground was as safe as another; they had good sheltering cover, and, apart from that, their chances of danger or of escape were equal wherever they went. Surely it is not only the professed philosophers who believe in heredity! We all feel that instinct descends and lives for ages. But it may be said that the time will come when experience may act upon custom and instinct, that, in fact, there may be an educated and acquired instinct; birds frightened

off a certain piece of land may drop the habit of their progenitors, with whom all lands were equal. I don't deny the possibility of this, simply because I do not know; no one knows. But of *this* I am very certain—that Nature, when she makes an alteration, takes an immense time about it. Yet the time may come, if falconry lasts long enough, when in this little matter a change will be made; but, as I have shown by the relation of facts, it has not yet arrived. We are perfectly safe.

But hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make, not a Juliet, but a day's partridge hawking. Let it be partridge hawking then. I repeat that I am writing in a great measure for the uninitiated, and I therefore sometimes offer rudimentary advice.

For partridges choose a tiercel rather than a falcon. Many a falcon has been a good partridge hawk, but tiercels are perhaps quicker at a turn, and more adroit as a rule. Just thirty years ago I wrote the following sentence in "Practical Falconry": "I think it may be said that every young tiercel in good health, sharp-set, and not utterly wedded to pigeons, will fly partridges

the first time he sees them." This is no doubt the rule; but I know of an exception—I think two exceptions. If a tiercel just taken from hack, made to the lure, and so forth, and having killed a pigeon or two in easy flights, should be put up, have partridges sprung under him, and fly without any heart—leaving them, in fact—what are you to do? If possible, get a bagged partridge (if you can't, a brown chicken) for your next attempt, use a long string to the partridge, and when the hawk is at his pitch throw up the bagged bird under him. I think you may depend upon this settling matters, and with an almost absolute certainty on the right side. Beware of flying *many* pigeons, especially if they are very easy flights, with a young hawk intended for game. Enter as soon as possible, and I need hardly say let the hawk take his pleasure on the first partridge he kills. Peg it down, and him down too, if you like. Perhaps it is luncheon time, and there may be a convenient bank near to sit on. At any rate, let *him* lunch.

With a passage hawk there would be no trouble; he would not require entering. I may refer to these birds again, though my own experience has been confined almost entirely to eyesses. But we will suppose ourselves in the field, hawking partridges with a right good hawk. I went about the matter in a rather humble way as far as dogs are concerned, for I used only an old steady pointer, with sometimes the addition of a favourite and white setters, Prince being the chief, which were used for grouse hawking. This is on page 250, and it is indeed well worth the reading. I will just say in passing that I always used a pointer for partridge hawking (a setter would, of course, have been equally good), and for the first few years of my hawking time for grouse. For the remaining many years we simply put

up the falcon, and beat for grouse when she was at her pitch.

There is a point!—not a hare, we trust. No; we know the old dog's style—there are birds. Wait till the tiercel you have just cast off is as high as he is likely to go and has his head towards you, then put up the partridges, or some of them.

I am now writing of a well entered bird; the method of entering has already been considered. He comes down well, and cuts one over just at the end of the stubble-field; or the partridge is put in, and accounted for as we have already seen. Then another hawk is used, and presently our first friend once again. To give any further instances would be useless; one flight is, as a rule, pretty well the same as another; and, indeed, there are plenty of books and separate articles which give every possible information. I will only just say that I think game hawking is more interesting when pointers or setters are used than when they are not. Field sports, as I have always contended, are at their greatest perfection when trained birds or beasts are employed; the more the better.

I said that I would write a few words about passage hawks used for game. Thirty years ago I had a private letter from Robert Barr, which, with his permission, I published at the time, and I will now give an extract from it. It will be seen that he speaks not only of haggards, but of birds of the year taken on passage. He says: "Do not have haggards for game. I have one here. She waits on well and high, and kills grouse first-rate—yes, too well, as, if she goes out of sight, she has killed and eaten the grouse before she can be found in these wild deep glens; and, before she is hungry, a grouse getting up under her she will have it; so she is lost. I repeat, never have a haggard for game. I have had the best grouse hawking this year, and killed the most grouse of any year since I began hawking; but what is the consequence? I have lost one haggard, and two other passage hawks, all three as good as any man ever had, but out of their place at game." As I have said, this letter was written a long time ago, and very possibly Barr changed his mind. Certainly passage hawks have been flown at game year after year, and for many years. Major Fisher, on the whole, I think, preferred them to eyesses. For myself, oddly enough, I have had only one; a very fine falcon, given me by a foreign falconer. This was the only bird belonging to me that I did not train with my own hands. She was docile, a high flyer, and very good for rooks. Throughout my long falconry life my object was to make eyesses equal to passage hawks, and this I am vain enough to think I did, or very nearly did. But I could afford to be very brave, as I flew from home, where my birds were hacked. They knew the place for miles round, and also that they would have an excellent reward on their return home. So I put them up in all sorts of gales for exercise. I liked to see them breast the heavy wind day after day. Yet they did not prey at fortune. Major Fisher, when he was staying with me more than thirty-four years ago, said after a flight, "I never saw anything like that done, except by a haggard." But I am afraid I am repeating myself, and therefore I will close this part of the subject.

To go back for a moment to partridge hawking. Shall I



C. Reid.

ON THE GLOVE.

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tell a tale the second time? I am sure I have told it before, but it is very many years since. I was flying a tiercel in Somersetshire for partridges; up got a lark, the hawk took it at the first stoop, and quietly ate it on a tree. We left the bird for a time, and on our return he was amusing himself in the air. Two labourers were passing, and I said to them, "You see that large bird flying about; shall I call it to my feet?" At first they grinned, staring at me; then they looked at each other with an expression more forcible than words. It said plainly "this man is an escaped maniac!" Then I threw up the lure; he was on it, and on my hand directly. They changed their minds, and thought I was—well, a conjurer. I was not hawking at home, as has been seen; had I been, the men would have known the hawk and me. Once in the same county, and when I was on a visit at the same house—my brother's—the tiercel had killed a partridge in the next field. The hedge was high and thick and thorny, but it was just low enough for me to see a very energetic young farmer making haste to avenge the death of the partridge, which was positively being eaten by a "vermin." He felt that the cause was good, and this honest conviction gave him speed. To me, struggling in the thick and thorny hedge, he seemed to fly. Was it all over? I shouted, I raved at him. His stick was lifted; in another moment there would be death. But he turned just in time. What he saw was a wretch, apparently struggling to escape some hideous danger, battling with the thorns, and shrieking for help. There might be a mad bull within a few inches of him, or a boa-constrictor, escaped from a menagerie, on the point of coiling. One great effort, and I was through the hedge; the rest is silence. It were idle to go into the explanations and congratulations which, as a matter of course, followed. I wonder if that young farmer, who must be a fairly old farmer now, remembers the incident. I at least shall hardly forget it.



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FALCON DRYING HERSELF AFTER A BATH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

There must be a good many queer incidents in a falconer's life, and a good many queer questions asked. For instance: "How do you train them? I suppose you cut their wings, to begin with; do the feathers grow again soon?"

A lady once asked me if I flew my hawks with their hoods on, and seemed to think such a practice must add to the beauty of the sport. Another lady who wished to be very kind and considerate to an old sportsman, and who saw in the hall several of my dear old birds which had come to grief, stuffed, and who thought it might be pleasant to me to be considered a good shot, said, "And did you really shoot all these beautiful birds yourself?" Yes, it was very well meant; it would have been better, no doubt, if she had cried over the birds, and expressed a desire that the people who shot them might come at least to repentance, if not to something much worse. But she did not know, and she did her best. You can't get every possible advantage concentrated and perfected in this world. The back of a grouse contains the finest flavour upon earth; but then how little there is of it!

PEREGRINE.



CHRISTMAS ROSES.

THE Christmas Rose is expanding its pearly white flowers, which we welcome during the winter months, as a change from the usual exotics and late Chrysanthemums. *Helleborus niger* is the name of the species, which has several varieties, some earlier and later than others, but all of great beauty and usefulness, especially for forcing gently into bloom. It is not possible, of course, to obtain unsullied flowers when the plants are not protected, either by a handlight placed over each clump or by lifting the root entirely and placing it in a basket, when with gentle warmth flowers will be pushed up in quantity. When a large number are required the best way is to plant vigorous clumps in a temporary pit, and to shield them during bad weather with lights. Although many forms exist, none are freer or more beautiful than the following. The earliest is called *maximus*, which, as the name suggests, has very large flowers; these begin to appear in October, and remain with us until December. When produced under glass they are snow white, but in the open have a rose tint, which increases their prettiness. If only one *Hellebore* can be grown, select this, the finest of the race. The *Bath* variety is very handsome, the flowers of exceptional purity, starting to unfold when those of *maximus* have faded. *St. Bridget's* Christmas Rose, or *Luverna*, is a charming form; the flowers are as white as a snowdrift, and imbricated at the margin, a delicate foil to the tender green foliage. *Mme. Fourcada* is a useful variety, because it bridges over the season of early and late kinds. It blooms between the time of *maximus* and the bulb variety. *Vernalis*, or *Caucasicus*, as it is also called, bears its pure white flowers from December to March. These are the chief varieties to grow, all useful for cutting during the winter months.

GROWING CHRISTMAS ROSES.

Helleborus niger and its varieties are not for every garden. The Christmas Rose may be naturalised when the soil is moist and loamy, and clumps spreading freely in their own way in time form a charming colony—a winter picture of rich green foliage, relieved by the whiteness of the flowers. In ordinary garden soil, however, the plants will succeed if it be enriched occasionally with well-decayed manure, and in dry summers it is advisable to apply plenty of water. Christmas Roses must be planted or transplanted at the right season. More failures result from this than from any other cause, and the time to plant is early September, dividing the tufts in March or April. A well-known grower of the Christmas Rose mentioned in the *Garden* that a fertile source of failure was smoke and close proximity to large manufacturing towns, especially where chemicals are in strong force. In those districts the foliage is quickly ruined, and roots are only sparsely produced. It is a good sign when the *Hellebores* carry the bulk of their foliage through the greater part of the winter, for there cannot be more positive proof of their perfect health. Much exposure to sun in districts where the soil is light, very sandy, or stony assists in the same direction. In the neighbourhood of Bath, and generally throughout Gloucestershire, Christmas Roses do surprisingly well. The soil generally is of a clayey nature, and in the latter frequently overlying blue lias clay. Shade is requisite—not a dense covering; but if screened from the brightest sun the plants are more vigorous.

THE QUINCE AS AN ORNAMENTAL TREE.

The use of the Quince as a fruit is in a large measure a thing of the past, but one must not forget that it is a beautiful tree, its branches touching the ground, and when wreathed in bloom it presents a delightful picture, whilst one obtains another effect in autumn, as then the big yellow fruits burden the boughs. Of the several varieties of the Quince the pear-shaped is the most famous, and the fruits, of course, are useful for flavouring, especially to add to Morello Cherries, Siberian Crabs, and Worcester Pearmain Apples. Our gardens are often crowded with groups of shrubs and trees of unsatisfactory growth and devoid of beauty. The Quince is as charming almost as the Apple, and a fruit which brings back memories of the gardens of old, rarely without a tree to give fruit for flavouring and preserve.

THE HOLLY.

The common Holly is the finest of native evergreen shrubs. We know how beautiful it is in the hedgerow and woodland, masses of deep green, relieved in winter with scarlet berries; but its great use in gardens is as a hedge. No evergreen is more formidable to cattle or less likely to lose its health. It is vigorous, leafy, and handsome, varied, too, in foliage and colour, some plain green, others brightly variegated. The way to increase the ordinary Holly is by seeds, which are readily raised and obtained by gathering the berries when ripe. Bury them in soil or sand until the spring or summer. They must then be sown in beds in the open ground, and many of the young plants will make their appearance during the following spring, whilst others will not appear until the second year. They grow slowly, hence they must be allowed sometimes to stand for two years before being transplanted. The varieties are increased by grafting or budding on to seedling plants of the common kind. Grafting is best carried out in March, while budding, the usual practice, is performed during July and August, the operation being carried out in a similar way to the budding of Roses. A few very distinct varieties are the following: *Green-leaved*—*Bessoni*, which has no spines; *crassifolia*, conspicuous for its very thick leaves; *ferox*, or the *Hedgehog* Holly; *Hendersoni*, broad spineless leaves; *Hodginsi*, broad deep green spiny foliage; *myrtifolia*, small leaves; *recurva*, in which the spines are arranged backward; and *tortuosa*, so named because of the twisted foliage.

VARIEGATED AND OTHER HOLLIES.

The variegated Hollies are for the most part very handsome, especially in winter, when shrubs with brightly-coloured foliage are conspicuous. Of the



C. Reid, Wislaw, N.B.

OLD FRIENDS.

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variegated kinds choose *Argentea marginata*, margined with silver; *Argenteo-picta*, white blotches; *aurea*, golden leaved; *ferox argentea*, the variegated Hedgehog Holly; *Golden Queen*, *Milkmaid*, and *Wat*. *Golden*. There is also a counterpart of the common Holly, but differ it in having bright yellow berries. A very beautiful weeping shrub is *pendula*, and there are variegated forms named *argentea pendula* and *aurea pendula*, with white and yellow variegated foliage respectively. Species of much merit are *Ilex cornuta*, which comes to us from the north of China; its terminal spines are arranged like horns, hence its name. *I. crenata* is a Japanese species; it is a dense twiggy bush with spineless oval-shaped leaves about 1 in. in length. In the variety *aurea* they are tinged with gold. This is a charming little shrub. In *I. latifolia* the leaves are as large as those of a Laurel, and the shrub assumes quite a tree-like habit. It must not be planted in an exposed place, as it is rather tender.

OXYDENDRON ARBOREUM.

This *Vaccinium*-like shrub is one of the most brilliant plants in the arboretum or pleasure ground during the late autumn. Its leaves change to an intense crimson scarlet, and this colour is retained until they fall. During August the branches are adorned with white Lily of the Valley-like flowers, but the autumn tints of the leaves are even more attractive than the blossom. The plant requires a moist peaty soil, and a somewhat sheltered spot.

SPANISH IRISES AMONGST DWARF SHRUBS.

A very pretty way of using the Spanish Iris is amongst dwarf shrubs, such as *Kalmia*, *Pernettya*, the many *Heaths*, and *Azalea amena*. Irises brighten up masses of evergreen foliage, and their clear pleasing colours gain in beauty by contrast with dark-coloured leaves. Last year the writer had a group of these flowers in a large bed, and the effect of this little Iris garden—for it could be called this—was charming, the flowers of many shades from white through clear blue, purple, bronze, yellow, and colours not usually seen. The bulbs are very cheap—one may purchase hundreds for a few shillings, and they rarely fail. Even small bulbs will bloom, whilst it is not necessary to plant a fresh stock every year—at least, that is our experience. To obtain effect, grouping is essential. When planting Irises in this free way there is no dotting the bulbs about as is a common practice, and space may be left for Lilies or Gladioli to form a welcome succession. With the Spanish Iris may also be planted the English kind, also bulbous, and in a way similar, flowering a week or a fortnight later. The flowers are broader, richer, and more varied in colour. The time is rapidly passing away for bulb planting. Unless they are put in early the results are not satisfactory. The practice of breaking up shrub groups is more common than

heretofore, and planting flowers amongst them brings the garden into the woodland. This is as it should be. One does not require flowers in a set place merely, but scattered everywhere.

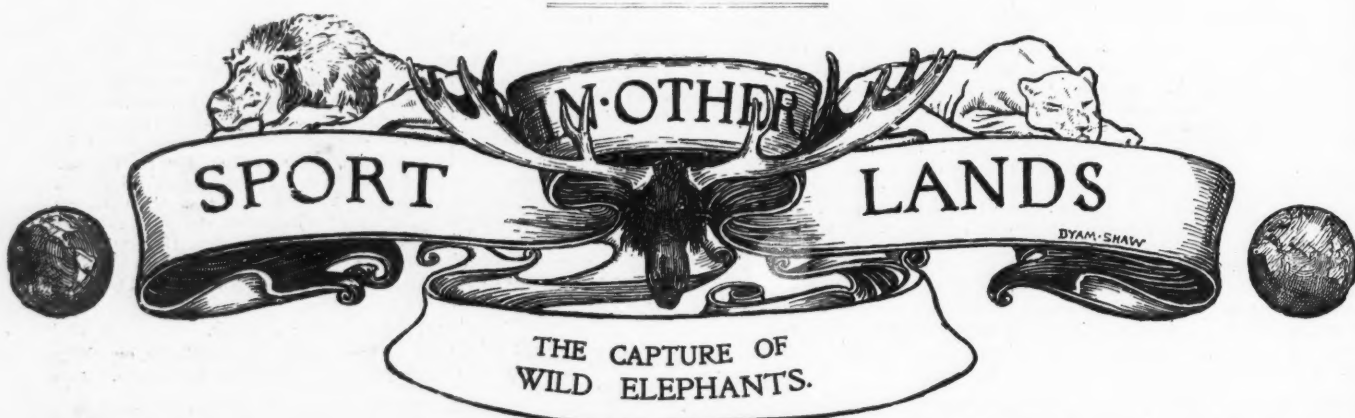
PHYSALIS FRANCHETTI IN LARGE BEDS.

During the late autumn this *Physalis* is very rich in colour. We lately noticed two noble beds of it, which could be seen many yards away. Those who know the plant can well understand this, as the brilliant calyces are almost three times the size of those of the ordinary *P. Alkekengi*, and their colour, a bright orange red, is seen from a long distance. The original species, *P. Alkekengi*, is more graceful, but the big lantern-like calyces of *P. Franchetti* are stronger in colour, therefore showier, as they are produced as freely, and their size is conspicuous. The *Physalis* may be made great use of for winter decorations. Healthy shoots which have not been exposed to rains and frosts last for many months without losing their characteristic colour. The plant requires a warm light soil. In some places it is a weed, whereas in others it makes little headway. It is worth establishing in the woodland, or upon the fringe of some shrubbery, where it can wander in its own way. But, as we have pointed out, in a group it is showy, and therefore may enter the garden proper.

CUPRESSUS LAWSONIANA AND ITS VARIETIES.

This is one of the most useful and beautiful of the Cypresses, and should be chosen before all others—especially when the pleasure ground is not extensive. The rich green Fern-like branchlets droop gracefully at the tips, and the beautiful colour is retained throughout the year. There are many varieties, the best being *alba spica*, of which the young shoots are creamy white; *alba variegata*, which has white branchlets interspersed with green ones; *aurea variegata*, golden variegation arranged in the same way as the last; *erecta viridis*, the most useful of all, an upright bright green variety; *filiformis*, with long, slender, cord-like branchlets; *gracilis*, very graceful, as the name suggests; *lutea*, the young growths of which are bright yellow; *nana*, a globular plant 2 ft. or 3 ft. high; and *nana glauca*, like the last-named, but with bluish foliage. Of all this throng *erecta viridis* is undoubtedly the most vigorous and beautiful, and may be planted with safety in a hedge, being quick in growth and elegant in colour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning the garden. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



WE count ourselves fortunate in being able to give some extracts from the epistolary diary of one who has been an eye-witness of the exciting process of

capturing elephants in the keddah, an art which the late Mr. Sanderson, of Dacca, practised with conspicuous success.

"Friday, 10th March.—Here we are in camp in the Garo hills, twenty-six miles from Mankachar. We started at 6.30, and arrived here at 2.40, stopping half-an-hour for tiffin. I had Khalil with me on the elephant, and I don't think he enjoyed himself. We had to cross two small rivers, and climbing up the steep banks on the opposite side our elephant was nearly perpendicular, and we were holding on like flies on a wall. Then we got into thick jungle grass, and Khalil said, 'Master, have you got pistole? I think there will be tiger.' Directly we arrived we went off to inspect the keddah and funnel, and found them both built, and the men busy in dressing them with bamboo branches. The drive takes place to-morrow morning, and they have made a machan (a platform) for me up a big tree. The elephants are now in what is called 'the surround.' This means that they are surrounded by men in pickets of three, placed about 75 yds. apart, and this surround is about five miles round. The first duty of the men when they are placed is to cut the jungle on to the next picket, in some cases only about 5 yds. wide, in others 30 yds. to 40 yds., according to the nature of the country. It is a well-known fact that wild elephants will not face the open if they can



MOUNTING.

possibly help it. At night-time each picket lights a fire, and when they hear the elephants moving towards them they make night hideous with yelling and rattles. I hope the elephants won't break through and come across our camp, or there will be nothing left of us; but I don't fancy this will keep me awake to-night, as I'm awfully sleepy.

"Saturday, 6.45 a.m.—I had a good night's sleep, though I was awakened twice by the surround close to my tent; the elephants must have been within 100yds. of me. I never knew before that elephants are purely nocturnal animals; they always feed and travel by night; this keeps the surround men very much on the alert between sunset and sunrise. I am going to try and describe the keddah and funnel to you while I am waiting for chota hazri. The first I was disappointed in as regards size. I don't know why, but I expected something much larger. This one is only 50ft. in diameter. D. C. says it will hold 150 elephants—it doesn't look to me as if it would hold 150 sheep; but he knows what he is talking about, and he doesn't expect to catch more than twenty-five in to-day's drive. It's enormously strongly built, the upright posts being sunk 8ft. into the ground, and the outside supporting ones 5ft. to 6ft.; all are trunks of trees cut in the jungle, and tied together with stout rope. The inside is thickly filled with bamboos stuck into the ground to represent jungle, which the herd trample flat before they have been inside 3min. The funnel is stockaded in the same way for about 250yds.; the timbers are being dressed with bamboos, and the original jungle in the middle left standing. Where it is thin, or has been trampled down, it is filled up artificially. At the end of the 250yds. funnel they tie white cloths (about 3ft. wide) to the trees on either side for a further 300yds., and the end of the funnel in this case was about half a mile wide; this white cloth seems a small thing to keep wild elephants straight, but they tell me it is effective while the herd is being quietly driven. Must stop now and have my chota hazri.



D. C. ON LOADED ELEPHANT.

me I could not see or hear one. After waiting about half-an-hour the row began, every man yelling his soul out,



OUTSIDE OF FUNNEL BEFORE BEING DRESSED.

rattles going and guns being fired. At last we heard crashing of jungle in the funnel just below us, and we saw a big tusker forcing his way through. He went straight up and into the keddah, and then turned and came half down again, and met the rest of the herd, and they all stopped and seemed to be considering the situation.

"By this time the line of beaters were within 50yds. of them, and I thought they were going to charge the men, but evidently they couldn't face the noise and the fire, and some of the men firing at them with buckshot, so they suddenly turned and simply rushed into the keddah, and—I saw the gate fall. Then the gong sounded and all was over. I don't think I told you that they light three lines of fire in the drive directly the elephants and beaters have passed—one just outside the funnel, one just inside, and the third just inside the stockaded part of the funnel. I stayed in the machan for about 5min. after this, as D. C. told me not to come down till he called me, but I saw M. and V., one each side of the gate, on top of the keddah, keep firing down into it, so I got down to see what they were doing, and climbed up to the top of the gate, and had hardly got there when a big elephant charged straight at it. It did give me a start. This I found out was what they were firing at, shooting with No. 4 shot at the forehead of any elephant that charged the gate. One grand old tusker did it five times, and his forehead was streaming with blood from the shot. D. C. says it only makes



OUTSIDE OF KEDDAH BEING DRESSED WITH BAMBOOS.

"3.30.—Just had our tiffin. The drive is over, and we only got thirteen and three britchas (youngsters). I got into my machan at 9.15 with Khalil, and the elephants were all in the keddah by 10.25, which D. C. says is the quickest drive he has ever had. I was awfully excited, and Khalil was speechless. The thing that struck me most was the oppressive silence before the drive started, as although I knew there were 2,000 men close around

flesh wounds. The gate is the weakest part of the keddah till it is shored up from outside with heavy timbers. D. C. had to go down just now and kill one of the tuskers as it was fighting; it was a great pity, as it was the second largest, standing about 8½ ft. The biggest is a grand brute, standing 9 ft. 8 in., so D. C. says, but it looks to me much bigger.

"Sunday, 12th.—To-day has been a very interesting one, and I have been on top of the keddah all day, except an hour for tiffin, seeing the catch tied up; there are elephants trained especially for this work, called koonkies (they are all females, as tuskers would probably fight), and eleven of these with their mahouts were brought close up to the gate, and then a second gate was built behind them in case of accidents; then the big gate was opened, and in they went, and the gate closed behind them. I looked for a free fight at once, a sort of Roman arena business, but the wild ones evidently mistook them for some of their friends left outside by mistake. Still I can't, for the life of me, make out why they didn't go for the mahouts; it was the same all day—they didn't take the slightest notice of the men. The plan of operations was to single out the animal they wanted to tie up; then the koonkies backed towards the herd, driving them to one side of the keddah, and then manœuvred to get the one they wanted between them; then they leaned inwards and so jammed him tight, and then two men crept in and hobbled his hind legs. Next a stout rope was fastened to one hind leg, and



INSIDE KEDDAH.

kneeling on him and kicking him. It did him good, as he behaved more like a gentleman afterwards.

"When they were all tied up the outer gate was removed and the big gate opened, then a big hawser was put round each one's neck and fastened to a koonkie, and another koonkie on to a rope to one hind leg as an anchor, and away he was led to the pulkhana, about half a mile away. There they are tied up to trees fore and aft, and left till they start for the base camp. One old female took five koonkies to take her away, and she wasn't a particularly large one either. The big tusker was taken out last, and was a sight to see. He had five harnessed on to him in front—four on to his neck and one on to one front leg—and three behind, and these eight couldn't do anything with him; so three more were called up to help him along, and even then they had their work cut out.

"Monday, 13th.—Just as we were going to bed last night a man came up from the pulkhana to say that a wild tusker had come in and was roaming about our tied-up catch, and asking permission to noose him, which was given. We did not go down, as the night was as black as ink and we should not have seen anything.

"They caught him in about two hours. One man had a very narrow shave; he was knocked down by the tusker, and one tusk caught him just under the right arm, and inflicted a wound about 6 in. long, but luckily only about 1 in. deep. The smallest of the brichas

we have caught is a fiend to yell; he makes more noise than all the others put together. He is about three months old, and is about 3 ft. high. D. C. says that if we were to noose him the three of us wouldn't be able to hold him, he is so squat and sturdy. He reminds me exactly of Mark Twain's description of an elephant: 'A square animal with a leg at each corner and a tail at each end.'

"We have a quiet day, to-day of simple loafing.



KOONKIES WITH MAHOUTS BACKING ON TO WILD ONES.

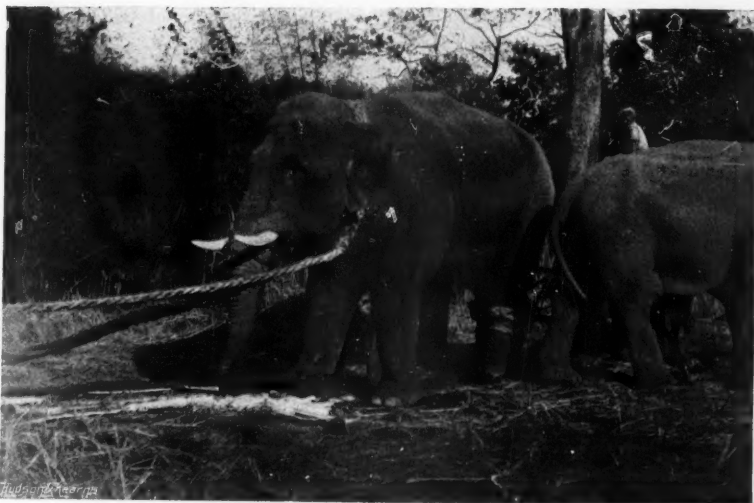
he was pushed backward and fastened close to the side of the keddah to one of the supports. Of course this takes time, as they fight every inch of the way. The big tusker had a rope put round each fore leg as well, and pulled taut. It gives one great respect for the strength of the keddah when one has seen what it will stand, as I have to-day. Some elephants literally stood on their heads in straining to get their hind legs free. One small tusker made himself so very objectionable that a big koonkie was ordered to give him a thrashing, which she did thoroughly, knocking him down three times,



SHOOTING A CHARGING TUSKER.

This afternoon we went to see the catch taken down to the stream for water and a bath. The big tusker had only five koonkies on to him, and he went like a lamb. He seems to realise that he has been conquered, and is determined to make the best of it. It was fun to see the britchas taken down to drink. A big koonkie would take the rope in his teeth, give one turn round his trunk, and then he *had* to go. The little tusker who got the licking yesterday tried to charge us every time we passed him.

"We are to start for the base camp to-morrow morning early. The whole



A WILD TUSKER TIED UP.

catch this season is 307 all told, of which a few have had to be shot and some have died. I am sorry I can't wait and see them all assemble here, but it'll be at least another fortnight before they all come in, as they are being marched by easy stages from the different keddahs. There are only forty-seven elephants here, and all tame ones; I went this evening to see them have their bath, which they enjoyed immensely. They lie down in the water sideways, and the mahout and an assistant scrub them all over with a sort of pumice-stone."

A FRENCH BOAR HUNT.

"The boar, the boar, the mighty boar."

—Indian Hunting Song.

ON the far side of the beautiful Vallée de Denacre, some three miles from the seashore, nestling amidst noble trees between steep hills, on the banks of the picturesque trout stream, the Wimereux (generally grandiloquently called a river by the people of the country), lies Souverain-Moulin.

In the centre of the village stands a large chateau, surrounded by a pretty garden enclosed by a high stone wall, and furthermore encircled by a moat. This chateau belongs to the lord of the manor, the Count d'Hinnisdäl, who acquired the property through his marriage with the Countess, who was the heiress of the De Bethunes, to whom Souverain-Moulin had belonged for many generations.

From the back of the garden and "park" a steep hill rises abruptly to the heights of Huplandre. There is a fairly thick wood on this hill, extending over a square mile of ground. To the left of this—and a couple of miles away—is the beginning of the noble Forest of Boulogne, a densely wooded waste some five miles in length by three in breadth, rolling over hill and dale, and watered by numerous tributaries of the Wimereux and of the Licques. Here and there the ground is very swampy, but, always covered with a dense under-cover, it forms an ideal shelter for all sorts of game—roedeer, hares, pheasants, rabbits, wild cats, foxes, martens, and (noblest of all) wild boar.

At the end of the forest which lies along the St. Omer Road, near the village of La Capelle, no fewer than eighteen boars were got last winter. In the direction of Desvres wild pig were a positive plague this summer, despite the fact that some thirty-five had been accounted for during the previous winter.

It is enough to make the mouth of an old Indian sportsman water, and no doubt many a veteran "spear," when he reads this in the smoking-room of the "Senior" or the "Rag," will lay down this paper and build castles in the air as to the feasibility of forming a limited company and starting a tent club for pig-sticking within as easy reach of London as are the Quorn and the Pychley Hunts.

But, alas! that cannot be. The difficulty of getting the pig to break from these vast and dense forest masses would only be equalled by the impossibility of riding him in a country where barbed wire is the rule and not the exception. And so, unsportsmanlike as it may seem, the only way of hunting the boar near

Boulogne, at present, is to beat him up, and then, if possible, shoot him.

The wild pig are generally found in the vicinity of water, remaining under shelter during the daytime and only coming out to feed at night, retiring again to the swamps at break of day. And so it happened that one morning, when going to work unusually early on a dull November day, a couple of farm labourers came upon a boar feeding on some root crops in a field about halfway between the forest and the already-mentioned wood of Souverain-Moulin. Cut off, so to speak, from his forest home, the pig turned, and was seen to enter, at a leisurely pace, the smaller covert.

The French peasant, although the most industrious and hard-working of beings, is not usually gifted with a quickness of thought, and it did not occur to these particular ones that information as to the boar they had seen might be of use to anyone.



Octave Lelard.

AFTER THE HUNT.

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Consequently it was not until some hours later that one of them casually mentioned to a farmer that he and his comrade had watched a fine *sanglier* enter the adjoining wood.

The farmer at once sent down word to the head-keeper at the chateau, and all was speedily bustle, without confusion. Preparations were at once made for a boar hunt. Beaters had to be collected, the *gardes de chasse* stationed on the other parts of the estate summoned, and messages sent to *gardes* on one or two neighbouring shootings. It was long after mid-day

therefore ere we got under way, our party numbering some half-dozen guns and a dozen or more beaters. The covert was very thick, intersected here and there with rides. On these rides the majority of the guns took their stand, only one going with the beaters, who had the greatest difficulty in forcing their way through the thicket. And now we soon found what a wily customer we had to deal with. Talk of an old fox—why, he was not in it with this cunning old boar! We could hear him in front of the beaters nearly all the while. Two, three, four times was he driven into a corner, so to speak, when we felt certain that he would be forced to show himself and give the guns a chance. Then suddenly we would become aware that he had somehow managed to slip back behind the line of beaters. And again and again this happened. Nothing would induce him to cross a ride or face the open.

At length, however, he did it once too often, for the gun with the beaters caught sight of the wicked little eye as he was stealing noiselessly back, and in a second there was a report. The boar—with that squeal so well known to the Indian pig-sticker—fell all of a heap with a crash. We rushed through the brake towards him, but on arriving at the spot only found some blood-stained and broken bracken and branches to show that he had been lying there a moment or two before. There was nothing to do but to follow his tracks, and this was an easy job for the expert French *gardes*. I was informed very soon that he must be shot in front, as he was only going on one fore leg. Then they told me that he was wounded on both the left and the right side. "He will make straight for the forest," said the same *garde* to me, and his words proved true; for the *pughs* led us out on to a ploughed field in that direction. But a hundred yards out piggy had evidently doubted his powers of

from where he had entered cover on the previous night; he was exhausted but not defeated. With his back to a tree, with champing jaws and shining tusks, he stood ready to charge anyone who dared to come near him, while his fiery, gleaming eyes shot vindictive glances from side to side.

A couple of balls from the *garde's* carbine administered the *coup de grace* to this gallant beast, so worthy of a better fate. On being weighed he scaled 160 kilos. The body was stout and muscular, measuring upwards of 3ft., exclusive of the short tail. He was much darker than the Indian pig and of a dusky brown colour with black spots. His coarse hair formed a bristly mane on his neck and shoulders, and his head was garnished with an unusually fine pair of tusks. We found that the first shot had struck the under part of the neck, inflicting a superficial wound, while the ball had passed on, smashing the right shoulder. I was much struck and delighted with the coolness and businesslike way in which the French *gardes de chasse* went about their work. There was no undue excitement and the beating was done quietly and methodically.

I am indebted to M. Octave Lélard, of Souverain-Moulin, for the photographs here reproduced. E. A.

Lord Tredegar's Show.

THE annual show which has for several years been held under the control of Lord Tredegar, partly in his beautiful park near Newport (Mon.) and partly in the cattle market of the town, took place on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, the support accorded it exceeding that of any other anniversary. As might be supposed, the classes for cobs and ponies were particularly well filled, as no part of the country can boast the possession of a greater number of lovers of this class of animal than horse-loving Wales. Consequently the judges, Colonel Currie and Colonel Henry, experienced considerable difficulty in discriminating between the merits of the competitors in many of the classes, the victories of Mr. W. J. P. Lansdowne's Dollie in the not exceeding 12h. section and of Mr. T. D. John's Summit Boy in the cob class being very hardly won. The Galloways or hacks were a charming collection, first prize here falling to the Keynsham Stud Company for the chestnut Game Chicken, whose rider, after the award had been made, gave a representation of his mount's cleverness which stamped the latter as the *beau idéal* of all that a polo pony should be. The hunter stallion class was necessarily a small one, as the competition was restricted to horses which have served during the past season in the districts adjacent to Newport; but there can be no contradicting the fact that the quality was excellent, for the winner, Lord Tredegar's Red Hat, by the Hermit horse St. Honorat, is already a Queen's premium winner, whilst his solitary opponent, Briardale, by Riversdale, is a well-bred and very good-looking sire. Only five hunter brood mares competed, and the best of these, Mr. Herbert Cory's Circus Girl, was passed over, as she did not appear to be in foal, the prize going to Mr. T. D. John's Patience, by Stamford, with Mr. Cory's Clytha, and Mr. R. Forestier-Walker's Julia, in foal to Red Hat, close up.

The Shire horse classes were well filled, Lord Llangattock and Mr. Alexander Henderson, M.P., being amongst the principal exhibitors, and, needless to add, they did very well with the horses they sent. The cattle section likewise was a strong feature of the show, as was certain to be the case with the herds of such leading breeders as Mr. J. Deane Willis, Charles W. Brierley—who took first and second in shorthorn cows—R. Stratton, Lord Coventry, and Lord Tredegar all well represented, whilst the sheep, pigs, and poultry were credits to a most admirable and instructive exhibition, the management and arrangement of which were simply perfect, and reflect the greatest credit upon the administrative powers of the hon. secretary, Colonel Justice.

Excellent, however, as this portion of Lord Tredegar's show was in every particular, it may be candidly admitted that the events of the first day, which was confined to the judging of the hunter classes, were more interesting still; and, indeed, to the generous promoter of the gathering immense credit is due for having succeeded in solving one of the most difficult problems which beset the directors of such exhibitions. All practical sportsmen who visit horse shows must, in fact, have sympathised with the judges who find themselves appointed to award prizes to hunters which are not required to jump; whilst many of the most prominent winners in such classes have notoriously never been asked to jump a bank or open ditch in their lives. Lord Tredegar, however, happens to be a practical sportsman, and being in addition in a position to enforce his ideas upon the competitors at his show, no horse is eligible for a prize thereat until it has jumped a natural course of nearly a mile and negotiated the obstacles to the satisfaction of the judges. The result of this is a thoroughly enjoyable day for the



WEIGHING THE BOAR.

reaching home that evening, and, turning sharply down a thick hedge, had returned to shelter, passing back unseen, quite close to us. We had now to beat the wood again, but we were of course greatly assisted by his bloody tracks, and we soon forced him out into the open, straight for the forest. This time, however, it was extraordinary how, by skulking along under hedgerows and in ditch bottoms, he managed to keep out of sight. He stopped once to bathe and wallow in a pool of water. By the marks he left behind he also appeared to have rolled in every muddy place he met with. On his poor three legs he gallantly kept well ahead of us, losing blood at every step.

It was almost dark when he at length found sanctuary in the forest, and we returned home intending to renew the chase at daybreak on the morrow. He was eventually found after some hours' following of his tracks about four kilometres (2½ miles)

lovers of sport in Lord Tredegar's park, the scene on the ground being more like that at a high-class country race meeting, minus—and this is a source of pleasure to many—the existence of a betting ring. Each animal is called upon in turn to go the course, which includes hurdles, an open ditch, a stiff bank, several hedges, a post and rails, and a nasty trappy fence and water. Then the best performers are called up and judged for looks and action, so that it is rendered morally certain that a prize-winner at Lord Tredegar's show has proved to the satisfaction of the experts who award the prizes that he is not merely a hunter in name.

An agreeable feature of the competition just referred to was the victory of Mr. T. D. John's well-known show horse Frontier in the heavy-weight class, and it may be added that a still greater winner in the shape of the same owner's chestnut Gendarme, who has probably taken more prizes in the show-ring than any other horse of his class, also did very well, although he failed at the bank. In the light-weight class Mr. R. Forestier-Walker was to the fore with Bantom, a really good wear-and-tear, old-fashioned-looking sort, who jumped like a deer, and is a particularly good-mannered horse. Many of the other competitors, including Mr. W. Adams's four year old Jolly Boy, looked and went very well, a feature of the class being an American ranch horse, who, though he moved and jumped well, was just a little bit too plain to trouble the prize takers. In all respects Lord Tredegar's is a model show, and those who care to enjoy a thoroughly sporting event are advised to bear this fact in mind when the late days of next November are at hand.



TWO announcements of considerable interest to "littery" folks appeared at the end of last week and at the beginning of this, those of the impending "resignations" of Mr. Hugh Chisholm, the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, and of Mr. Henry W. Massingham, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. It will be noticed that the word "resignations" is printed in inverted commas, and I am afraid that ought always to be done when a one-paper journalist, no matter how eminent, leaves the work of his life, except from ill-health. These resignations are usually the occasion of a congratulatory dinner which is a very witty and distinguished function. I was present at one such dinner in honour of Mr. Chisholm's predecessor, Mr. Sidney Low, who, I am happy to say, immediately accepted another, perhaps a better, and certainly a less irksome position. It was a brilliant occasion. There were twenty-two editors and ex-editors in the room, and capital speeches were made by Mr. Kipling, Mr. Gosse, and Sir Herbert Stephen. But there seemed to be a certain hollowness in congratulating even the most distinguished man upon the loss of his means of livelihood.

Mr. Chisholm is a sound scholar, a bright writer, and a man of sober and refined judgment. He will not stand long in the literary market-place. But all the same he is not likely to enjoy the process of wrenching himself up by the roots from the office in which he has grown ever since he took to journalism on leaving Oxford some eight years ago. He was, like a large number of other more or less distinguished journalists, very ill from overwork during the early part of the present year; but he had recovered his health completely, and he was and is capable of any quantity of first-class work.

A curious history, when you come to think of it, is that of the *St. James's Gazette* and its editors. The neat evening paper, "written by gentlemen for gentlemen"—I always liked that haughty phrase—had its origin in a change of politics and proprietorship in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the most forcible leader writer of this or the last generation, was editor. Strongly backed with money, Mr. Greenwood left his old quarters and founded the *St. James's Gazette*, and, apart altogether from politics, or from the financial aspect, the result was a bright and polished paper, which was very acceptable. But the ownership of an evening paper of that kind is rather a costly luxury, and eventually the *St. James's Gazette* became the property of Mr. Steinkopf. Mr. Greenwood very soon left, and his, I believe, was a real resignation. He was succeeded by the most able of his assistants, Mr. Sidney Low.



COMMODORE.

Not quite three years ago Mr. Low resigned also, and Mr. Chisholm took his bishopric on a three years' agreement. It is an open secret that Mr. Chisholm and the proprietor did not get on well together. Then, in the autumn of this year, came an announcement in the *Times* that Mr. Steinkopf had parted with his property to a syndicate of leading Conservatives, that Mr. Chisholm would continue in the editorial chair, that Mr. Spencer Brodnurst, another faithful servant of the paper, would return to his desk, and so forth. In a day or two more that statement would probably have been accurate, but, being made prematurely, it "upset the apple-cart," to use Mr. Rhodes's famous phrase. So there must be a new editor for the *St. James's Gazette*, and I know who he will not be.

To me all this appears rather interesting. In fact, strange as it may seem, that is why I have written it. And it is interesting chiefly because it goes a long way to dispose of the illusion that the lines of all editors are necessarily cast in pleasant places. The other disadvantages of the position are exposed in the most delightful fashion in one of Thackeray's Roundabout Papers, which is entitled "Thorns in the Cushion." They may be summed up in the fact that it is the editor's duty to make would-be contributors understand that a newspaper is not a purely philanthropic enterprise, and that, in considering the question whether this or that article is suitable, he has no right to be influenced by the knowledge that the said would-be contributor is an orphan or a widow or a paralytic.

The other "resignation" is that of Mr. Massingham, of the *Daily Chronicle*. He also has been very ill during part of the present year. But that is not the reason of his departure. The reason is to be found in disagreement as to the policy of the paper in the matter of the war, and that is not surprising, for the paper has been so violently pro-Boer that it must have lost not merely influence, but also circulation, to a tremendous extent. Of one thing, however, I am quite sure. Mr. Massingham may be wrong-headed. Personally, I have never agreed with him upon any subject in the heaven above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters that are under the earth. But he is perfectly sincere, and, what is more, his mind, albeit to my mind ill-balanced, is one of brilliant and flashing intelligence.

A little while ago, and in common with many others, I congratulated the *Outlook* and the world of readers on the discovery of two unpublished romances by Dumas *peru*. Well, they are out, and the sad thing is that no part of them is new except the titles. "The Snow on Shah Dagh" is simply "La Boule de Neige," which, by the way, was translated, not written, by Dumas. "Ammalat Bey" is simply "Sultanetta." This is very sad, and it seems to me that the gentleman who planted them on the *Outlook* has a good deal to answer for.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Lion and the Unicorn." R. Harding Davis. (Heinemann.)
- "An Up-to-Date Parson." Harry Lindsay. (Bowden.)
- "The Highest Andes." E. A. FitzGerald. (Methuen.)
- "Impressions of South Africa." J. Bryce. (Macmillan.)
- "That Reminds Me." Sir Edward Russell. (Unwin.)

LOOKER-ON.

Birmingham Dog Show.

WHEN a dog show attains the dignity of a forty-first anniversary it may safely be predicted that its attractions will have either crystallised into a solid mass of popularity or else that its defects have become so confirmed that it would be a waste of time to attempt its reformation. The visitors to, and supporters of, the National Dog Show which opened on Monday last in the Curzon Hall, Birmingham, may therefore be permitted to draw their own conclusions as to the position of the annual gathering which has this year attracted an entry of 1,622, made up of 857 dogs, many of which were decidedly very good ones. At the same time, it

must be admitted that so far as the merits of some of its classes were concerned the most recent Birmingham Show was by no means equal to many of its predecessors, though it may be added that in this respect it is a fellow-sufferer with other shows. Yet in one respect Birmingham contrives to maintain a decided superiority over all its rivals, as the sporting dog classes at the Bingley Hall are still far stronger and better in every way than the indifferent collections of pointers, setters, and spaniels which are to be encountered at most shows. Still, even the Birmingham form is miles behind what it used to be, the principal explanation of the steady diminution of the entries in these classes being that shooting men nowadays drive the birds, and therefore do not require the services of dogs.

Whether this fact is accountable for the deterioration of the pointer and setter it is difficult to assert, but certainly some of the best dogs of bygone days were rarely worked, and it is questionable if some of them were even broken. At Birmingham this week, however, there was the glimpse of the prospect of a return to old times, the best by far of the English setter dogs, Mr. George Raper's orange and white Barton Tory, and the brace of beautiful blue bitches, Mr. F. H. Bottomley's Mallwyd Bess and Mr. Moreton Thomas's Mallwyd Belle, being just as good specimens of their variety as the most fastidious judge could possibly desire. Then, too, there are gratifying evidences of a return to sanity on the part of Gordon setter judges, as Mr. George Bullough's Redruth Colonel, which won two prizes, shows no trace of the objectionable Irish setter and spaniel crosses which marred the appearance of some comparatively recent winners. *Apropos* of the Gordons, a remonstrance may be levelled against the continuation of the practice of describing them in the catalogues of shows as "black and tan setters" instead of under their proper name. In the first place, this procedure entirely keeps out of competition any dog which may have a little white, more or less, on him, and, when one remembers the beauty of the tri-colour Gordons, and the fact that in the early part of the century most of them were marked with white, this boycotting appears absurd. Secondly, the elimination of all reference to the name of the breed permits the exhibition in the class of any Irish setter or spaniel-bred mongrel which may happen to be black and tan in colour, a circumstance which, in the face of the fact that a pure-bred Gordon which possesses the ill-luck to be a tri-colour is excluded, makes the matter more

absurd still. Irish setters were rather a nice lot, but pointers, taken all round, were decidedly weak, the great fault amongst them being a prevailing weakness of feet.

Curly retrievers were few in numbers, as usual, but the excellence of the principal winners—amongst which Mr. Isaac Sharpe's Stylish Boy, Mr. S. Darbey's Tiverton Bonny Lass, Tiverton Beauty II., and Tiverton Dollie were most conspicuous—was really superb. Still, there can be no denying the fact that the flat-coated dogs are edging the curlies out of existence; nor can the excellence of such specimens of the latter breed, as Mr. Cooke's Wimpole Peter, Mr. P. A. Beck's Lustre, Colonel Legh's Kite, and Mr. D. Ross's Record, all of which were at the top of their classes on Monday, be criticised for a moment, for these animals are just as perfect as they could be made. Spaniels—with the exception of the Irish water classes, which contained such well-known winners as Mr. Nelson's Gosson and Mrs. Mitchell's Kathleen Mavourneen; and the Cockers, in which Mr. James Farron's little black Ted Obo scored yet another victory—were a rather poor lot as a whole, this being probably due to the fact that the owner of the strongest kennel in the country, Mr. Woolland, was judging. The Clumbers were particularly weak, for although some former winners were on the benches, their colour was defective and their type not what it should have been. Of the remainder, it may be said that Mr. Campbell Newington's Sussex Rosehill Rush is a fine specimen of a gradually disappearing breed, whilst in the blacks Mr. Maclean's Blackburn Premier, Mrs. F. Adams's Venture Sambo, and Mr. John Smith's Carnation are all nice spaniels which deserve their prizes; the best of the roans being Mr. John Smith's Coleshill Red Girl and Mr. F. E. Schofield's Silva.

Fox-terriers were not in such strength as usual, one or two owners being represented by second strings, but in the smooths Mr. E. Powell's Rowton Knight, Mr. Holmes's Brondeg Joe, Mr. Redmond's Dufferin, Mr. Clay's Dunelm Treasure, and Mr. McDonald's Snow Girl are all nice specimens of their breed; whilst the best of the wire-hairs were Mr. Swinger's Barkly Ben, Mr. Pitts-Pitts's Royston Remus, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Donington Flirt. Several of the other classes were nicely filled, but, regarded as a whole, the strength of the Birmingham Show lay chiefly in the direction of the sporting classes, and these consequently have been selected for special reference this week.

Recollections of Steeplechasing.—III.

MY first recollections of the old Woodside Course, where the Croydon Steeplechases used to be held, are when I was at a "crammer" just outside that town. This was in the sixties, when there were some great chasers in training, and I remember seeing a very hot favourite in Lord Poulett's Benazet beaten for the big steeplechase there by the "outsider" Flycatcher, a big, raking chestnut that was a wonder in deep ground. I have often wondered why it was that this was such a popular course. It was a purely artificial one; the ground was stiff clay, and the going fearfully holding in wet weather, whilst the arrangements as to stands, etc., were primitive enough. And yet we always saw the best jumpers in training running there, and enormous crowds to watch them doing so.

It was, too, an especially favourite battle-ground for the Irish division, and most of the best jumpers from the other side of St. George's Channel usually began their winter campaign in England at Mr. Verrall's popular fixture. When these meetings began I cannot remember, but they came to an end about ten years ago, when the Croydon town magistrates, who were at that time more or less under the control of the psalm-singing Jabez Balfour, now doing penal servitude at Wormwood Scrubs, and his Nonconformist friends, refused to renew Mr. Verrall's licence, and he had to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" at Gatwick, near Horley. The Croydon ratepayers must be sorry now for the short-sighted bigotry of their bench.

The two principal steeplechases of the year at Croydon were the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase of three miles and a-half, run at the November Meeting, and the United Kingdom Grand Handicap Steeplechase of four miles, which formed part of the March programme. These two chases invariably brought out big fields of the best horses in training, and there was always plenty of betting on them for a week or two before they were run. There is no steeplechase of the year now—the Liverpool Grand National excepted—which excites a tenth part of the interest that these two did. In 1871 the United Kingdom Steeplechase was won by a very good horse in Marin, by Sting, ridden by the then young "Bob" l'Anson, afterwards the best cross-country horseman of his day, and now the popular clerk of the course at Sandown Park. Among the beaten lot of fourteen were such grand types of steeplechase horses as Silvermere, who finished second, the Duke of Hamilton's Souvenance, ridden by Mr. "Peter" Crawshaw, and Mr. T. V. Morgan's Brick, whilst

Mr. Brayley's Casse Tête, a terrible weed, but a rare jumper and a real "sticker," was third, ridden by the Welsh jockey, Joe Rudd. In the following April, over the same course, Silvermere won the Surrey Grand Open Handicap Steeplechase in the hands of that fine horseman Page, Mr. E. C. Wilson, then quite a beginner, being second on Scarrington, a very good horse indeed, with The Doctor, Marin, Brick, and Casse Tête behind the pair. What a field to go to the post for a race worth some 300 sovs. only.

The Great Metropolitan Steeplechase in December of the same year was won by an extraordinarily good horse in Harvester, by Stockwell, the property of Mr. Arthur Yates, and ridden, of course, by him. Of this grand horseman, good sportsman, and cheery companion I could write volumes, though the exigencies of space compel me to content myself with saying that most of the best chasers of the last thirty years have been under his charge at some time or another, either at Grenville Hall, near Droxford, in Hampshire, where he lived when I knew him first, or at his present residence at Bishop's Sutton, near Alresford, in the same county.

The first of these two places had before that belonged to the late Lord Poulett, who was at that time hunting the Hambledon country. It is not a big house, but there is any amount of stabling, built regardless of expense, and a first-class private training ground, over which the Hambledon Hunt Steeplechases are now run. There "Mr. Arthur," as he is known all over Hampshire, had some wonderfully good steeplechasers belonging to himself and his friends, and looked after by his faithful henchman, Swatton, who is with him still, looking as young as ever, at Bishop's Sutton. A very strong and determined horseman was Mr. Yates, and few horses ever tried to take liberties with him. He was a past-master, too, of the art of schooling young horses, and few of those who had learnt their business under his eye were ever known to fall in public. Most of what I know about teaching young horses to jump was learnt by watching his methods, as also much of what I may ever have known about riding steeplechases. I have always remembered one piece of advice he gave me when I first took to that form of amusement. It was this: "Always ride at the last fence as if it were not there." How often I have found this maxim useful, and how many races I have seen thrown away by ignoring it. He was always a scrupulously chivalrous opponent, never known to take advantage of a less experienced rival, and he would often go out

of his way to give useful advice to beginners riding in the same races with himself. He was the idol of the public, who always love pluck and straightforwardness, and I well remember the scene which took place at a Croydon Meeting many years ago, when Mr. Yates's horse having fallen and got away, that gentleman, not to be defeated, ran after him, caught him by the tail, and scrambling back into the saddle, went on as if nothing out of the common had happened.

Of Harvester, who was a very great horse indeed, there is a capital portrait hanging in the dining-room at Bishop's Sutton. That this horse ought to have won the Grand National there is little doubt, but he pulled up just a little sore after his last four mile gallop before going to Liverpool, and he broke down in the race. Among the lot that finished behind him at Croydon were David Copperfield, a wonderful performer, who won a great number of races over big countries—he would not have won a selling race over the modern style of course—Casse Tête, who owed her Grand National victory solely to her effortless style of jumping, Brick, Scipio also a good horse, Silvermere, and the two French-bred chasers Charleville and Fervaques. The last-named had won the Grand Prix in his own country, and there is no saying how good he might not have been had he not been such a bad-tempered beast. He won two or three hurdle races for his owner, Captain Sandeman, of the Horse Artillery, but he hated jumping fences, and never did much good as a chaser. Charleville, on the other hand, was a brilliant fencer, who won a number of good steeplechases for his owner, the late General Byrne. Among other events he took the Grand Military Gold Cup, in those days run for over a fine big line of natural country just outside Rugby, and he was always ridden by "Driver" Browne, then a gay young subaltern in the Royal Horse Artillery.

Alas! the end both of Charleville and the poor little "Driver" were alike tragic. It was at the Royal Artillery Steeplechase Meeting at Bromley, in 1872, that the former met his death, like a good soldier, in harness. How well I remember the scene. It was a terribly wet day, the ground was very bad going, and a load of straw had been put down on the landing side of the fences to prevent the horses slipping up. All went well until coming to the fence after the turn. Here the sun was in the horse's eyes, and there is no doubt that Charleville mistook the new straw—it ought by rights to have been old litter, or, better still, brick-dust—for water. He made a supreme effort to clear it, overjumped himself, fell, and broke his neck. Poor old Charleville! he was a gallant beast, and deserved a better fate.

The end of poor "Driver" Browne was an equally sad and unlucky one. I had been with him at the opening meeting at Sandown Park, in 1875, and we walked down to Esher Station together afterwards, I to return to London, and he to go down to

Aldershot, where he was then quartered. He had shortly before promised his father that he would not ride over a "country" again; and on our way down to the station he said to me, "I have ridden my last steeplechase." Poor little fellow, he little knew how prophetic his words were! Having made an arrangement to dine together a day or two afterwards, and said good-bye, I got into the up-train, whilst he crossed the line to the down platform. At that moment a train came in; being very deaf, he did not hear it. Poor "Driver"! He was a bright, cheery soul, the finest horseman in the Army, a good soldier, and a gentleman, and his death cast a terrible gloom over his regiment, in which he was a universal favourite.

American Sisters of Mercy.

THE most hackneyed quotation in the world, and it is hackneyed simply and solely because it is true, is also the most absolutely appropriate to the triumphantly successful effort which sundry great ladies, who are also of American birth, are making under the leadership of Lady Randolph Churchill to give aid to our wounded soldiers and sailors in South Africa. It is simply "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The American Hospital Ship is the best and most womanly idea conceivable, and the generous rivalry between the Princess of Wales and her associates on the one hand and Lady Randolph Churchill and the Duchess of Marlborough with their friends on the other hand, is among the most welcome signs of the spirit of the age. It is with the greatest pleasure that we produce a picture showing the committee of American ladies to whom England owes so much.

It has got together its funds by subscriptions, which have flowed in profusely, by the great concert at Claridge's, honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales, which was so huge a success as a social and a charitable function. Princes of the blood, Duchesses, painters, singers, actors, and jockeys have worked hand in hand and side by side for the good object. Nurses and surgeons from America have volunteered in great numbers for an errand which is not merely one of mercy but also one of great personal danger. The Maine will be equalled only by the Princess of Wales's ship. Money has been forthcoming in profusion. But we welcome the American ship with a gratitude and a cordiality quite out of proportion to the money which it represents. The old Mother Country could have provided her own hospital ships in any number, but the existence of the Maine is proof positive of the existence of a feeling of which the price is above rubies. It is the feeling of sympathy and of sisterhood, of unity of heart between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon tree; and that is a feeling which simply cannot fail to have its influence in history. Moreover, a picture such as this, and a survey of the names of those who are associated in this mission of loving-kindness as ministering angels, makes us all realise, more completely perhaps than ever before, how much of welcome inter-marriage there has been between Americans and English during these late years. This is a glorious and a womanly undertaking, and its effects will last not merely until this war is over, but for ever.

Correspondence.

CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Having seen many curious photograph copies in your paper, I thought perhaps the enclosed might be considered interesting, especially to lovers of birds like myself. I think a very pathetic meaning is attached to the picture; others may not think so, however. The photograph was taken by my son in our own paddock, where some fowls are kept, in August last. A glass jar of water had been placed in the chicken run for the use of the fowls. One afternoon in the hot weather, on going to look at the chickens, my son saw this remarkable sight, one bird lying dead in the jar, and another, standing on it in the water, nearly dead. My solution is that the faithful bird would not leave its mate, preferring to die with it. Should you think the picture worthy of a place in your

Mrs. Griffin. Mrs. Brown Potter. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. Mrs. Von Andre.
Mrs. Ronalds (hon. treasurer). Lady Randolph Churchill (chairman). Mrs. A. A. Blow (hon. secretary).



Mrs. Moreton Frewen. Mrs. Arthur Paget. Mrs. T. L. Field. Mrs. Donald C. Haldeman.
Mrs. F. C. Van Duser. Countess of Essex. Mrs. Taylor.
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beautiful paper, I shall be happy to send you the negative of the photograph if necessary.—EMILY WOOD.

[With all the wish in the world to attribute high motives to birds, we fear our correspondent's hypothesis is not the obvious one. The bird, we fear, is trying to rise on stepping-stones of its dead mate to higher things. Regarded as a trap for dry weather, a glass jar apparently has its advantages; and our correspondent is lucky not to have lost some chickens.—ED.]

A MIXED TANDEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As you are putting photographs of pony carts and ponies in your most valued paper just now, perhaps the enclosed might be interesting. The photograph was taken in the West Highlands this autumn, and it was only the second time that the pony and donkey had been together. The pony came from the well-known breeder of Shetlands, Lord Londonderry, whilst the ass also came across the water from the Green Isle. The cart is on the lines of a coster cart, but the wheels are made high on purpose, and in consequence the whole runs very easy.—ARCH. W. McDONALD.

AN EQUINE KNACK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In the following lines I give some examples, which may be found interesting, of how horses in jumping occasionally land sideways at right angles, turning so when all four feet are off the ground, and how they sometimes, when actually in the air, extend themselves and take a far longer leap than they intended when taking off.

1.—In the winter of 1864-65 I was hunting one day in the North of England, and hounds were running hard, scent breast high. I was riding alongside the veterinary surgeon of a cavalry regiment, quartered locally, that I knew personally—in fact, I was riding a horse belonging to a subaltern of his regiment, who had just joined and whom we had left at drill in the barracks, who could not get leave to go hunting, and so had lent me one of his horses to exercise. We came to a narrow sunk lane, with hedge on each side; we were going so fast as to be almost steeplechasing. The veterinary surgeon said to me, "By Jove, Kane, we must fly the lot," and we rode at the lane like going at a brook. He flew the whole. My horse, when actually in the air without a foot on the ground, turned sideways and landed at right angles in the middle of the lane. I scrambled him over the hedge on landing side of the jump, and caught up the veterinary surgeon at the next fence. "By Jove, Kane," he said, "how did you ever manage to sit on your horse that last jump? I made sure you'd get a bad fall." "Oh," I said, "I merely sat tight." "By Jove," he said, "I should think so; you have surprised me."

2.—I was in India in the autumn of 1869, and was at the Meerut Pig-sticking Club Steeplechase Meeting. A member of the club, a noble lord, officer of a cavalry regiment quartered in that part of India, had an Arab entered for the big steeplechase that he had intended to ride himself, but could not get down to within 1½st. of the weight. By the rules, no one but members were allowed to ride or enter horses. We were all dining at the club the night before the steeplechases took place, and his lordship was bemoaning his fate. When I offered to ride for him—being myself a member of the club and able to ride the weight—his lordship was delighted, and gladly accepted my services. The steeplechases were to take place in the afternoon, and I asked his lordship to let me exercise and school the Arab early in the morning, to which he joyfully consented. In the morning he told me there was only one fence he feared for the Arab, that was the water jump, an artificial jump of 20ft. of water clear from bank to bank, without any bushes or hurdles on taking off side. Arabs are bad water jumpers, as they so seldom see water, though they jump dry water-courses (nullahs they are called in India) very well. Well, the race took place. When we came near the water jump I ranged up between a cavalry officer on my right hand and a Horse Artillery officer on my left hand. They were each so close to me that my Arab could not swerve. He faced and jumped the water bravely, but turned and lit sideways at right angles, and was so shaken that I had to pull him up and abandon the race.

3.—I was hunting in the North-East of England in 1864-65, and riding a powerful Irish mare I had bought cheap from an officer ordered abroad. She

was up to 14st. with any hounds in the world, and saddle, bridle, and everything I was riding under 10st., so that I had at least 4st. in hand. We ran a fox through a straggling village, cottages standing each side of a narrow road in big gardens extending at least half a mile. I rode at a stake-bound fence of a cottage garden that it was quite impossible my mare could have seen through, and when in the air I saw that my mare would just light in the cottage well. The mare saw it also, and in some curious way lengthened herself out and cleared the well, taking a much longer jump than she contemplated when she took off. How she did it I don't in the least know or understand, but she called into use some latent power she had, and cleared the well by at least 6ft.

4.—I was present at the Fairy House Steeplechases in Ireland, near Dublin, in 1874, on Easter Monday, the best Fairy House Meeting of the year just before Punchestown. The Viceroy and no end of swells were present. There were twelve starters for the principal steeplechase. They started some 250yds. on right of the grand stand, and first fence was about 200yds. past grand stand on the left. The first ten horses passed the grand stand all together—a table-cloth would have covered them all together—and cleared the fence; then about 30yds. behind came the eleventh horse by himself, and after him came the twelfth horse about 40yds. or 50yds. behind the eleventh horse, who had somehow got left at the post. The eleventh horse got a terrible fall at the first fence, which was a big drop other side of thick stake-bound fence, and horse and jockey were sprawling on the ground insensible. The twelfth horse could not possibly have seen the eleventh horse and rider down when he took off. But when in the air he lengthened himself out (like my mare at the well) and cleared the horse and jockey, for he followed exactly in their line. A cheer burst out from the whole grand stand. I vouch for the truth of the foregoing stories.—F. W. FEILDING-KANE.

[We publish these statements exactly as they reached us, believing them to be of peculiar interest. That horses do sometimes show these powers of changing the direction and even of increasing the distance of a jump in mid-air is reasonably certain. How they can possibly do it is very much another matter.—ED.]

DEER SWIMMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have seen the excellent photograph of stags swimming in COUNTRY LIFE. It occurs to me that the following may interest some of your readers. Six weeks ago I was staying for a few days at St. Gingolph, a small picturesque town on the Lake of Geneva, opposite Vevey. During a stroll down a narrow street I saw a group of people round a stable door. On looking in, a fine stag with good antlers, feeding on the leaves of a branch of a tree, in the

corner of the stable furthest from the door, proved to be the object of interest. A bystander told me that it had been "caught in the lake!" Thinking that he had misunderstood my enquiry, I thought no more of the matter until a few days after I read the following in a Swiss newspaper, published at Geneva: "St. Gingolph. Un cerf dans le lac.—Dimanche, à deux heures du soir, plusieurs personnes devant la Gare aperçurent un animal qui nageait à environ 500 mètres du rivage. Le chef de gare ayant regardé avec une lunette crut primitivement que c'était une vache qui ne pouvait s'approcher du bord par suite des vagues. Deux canots montés par quatre courageux rameurs partirent pour en opérer le sauvetage; ils se trouverent en présence d'un énorme cerf. Après une

poursuite très mouvementée, ils purent le retirer de l'eau. Cet animal portait sur le flanc une lance brisée. D'où vient-il? C'est la première fois que l'on voit un animal de cette espèce dans notre contrée."—N. MADAN.

GUNNERA MANICATA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An impromptu sunshade improvised from the stalk and leaf of the well-known gunnera which I send you a photograph of will give an idea what a beautiful effect can be produced in a garden by this handsome foliage plant. Given a moist soil where their roots can penetrate freely into the margins of ponds or lakes they will send out a group of five or six leaves, some of them 9ft. in diameter, upon clear stems 8ft. high. There is no doubt that the Gunnera manicata is the largest simple-leaved plant to be found in any English garden, not excluding even the Victoria water-lily. The plant in the illustration is only two years old, the stem being about 4ft. high, and the diameter of the leaf about the same.—W. BURDON-MULLER.

